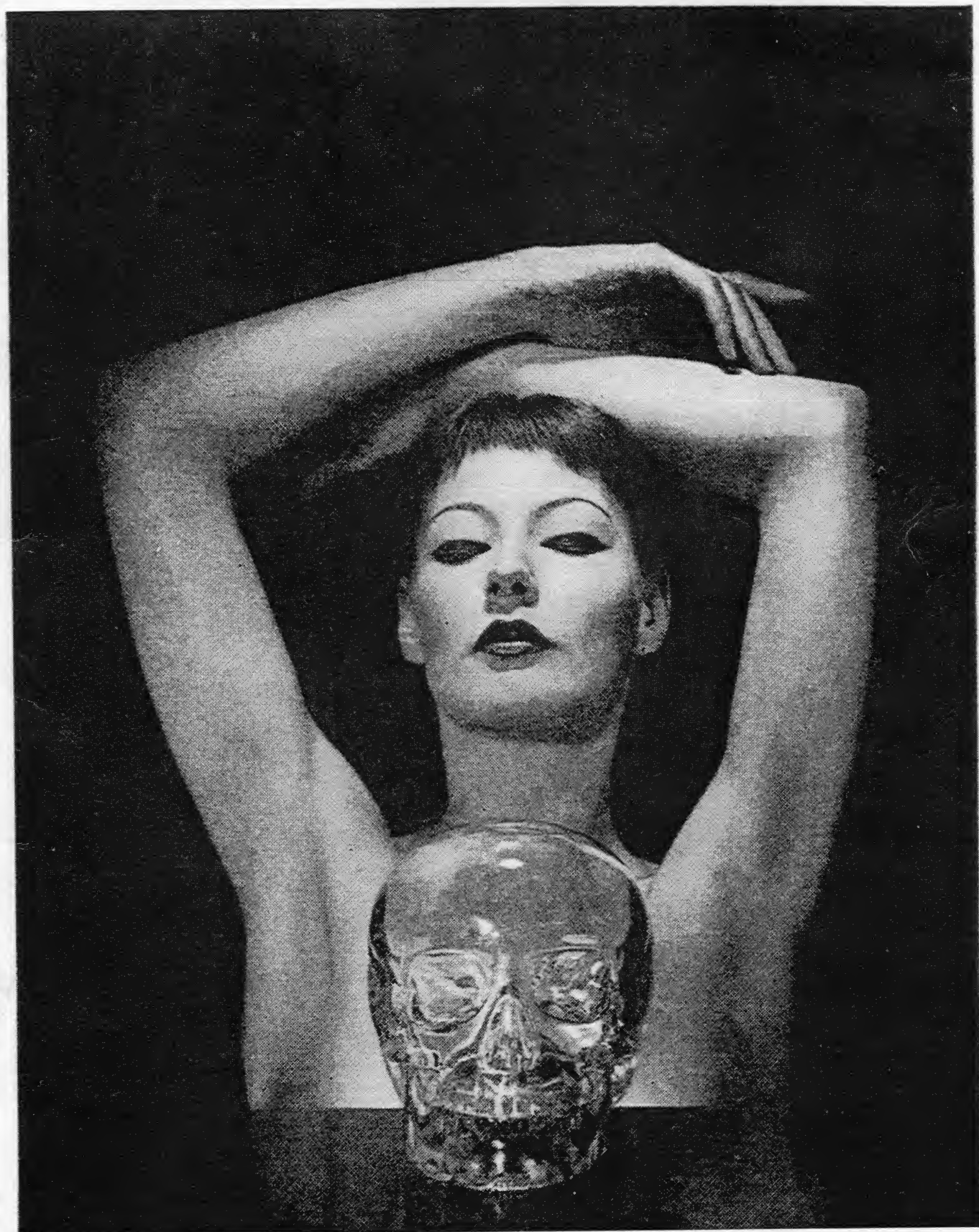


Nº.6

BIZARRISM

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CONTENTS

Literary Remains.....4

Mary's Voice-Box.....8

Cracker Night!.....11

Tales of the Hollow Earth.....12

The Sick World of Sigmund Freud.....16

The Remarkable Mollie Fancher.....24

A Conversation with Sir Wayne.....26

The White Ghost.....30

Craig Shergold's Card Nightmare.....32

Kelver Hartley.....33

Books.....35

Notes and Sources.....38

Now and then admirers of my good works write to me, and try to convert me into believing things that I say. He would have to be an eloquent admirer, who could persuade me into thinking that our present expression is not at least a little fanciful..."

- Charles Fort, *Lo!*

① WE SUGGEST NO MORE THAN ONE COURSE AT A TIME
INITIALLY WITH A MAXIMUM OF 4 COURSES AT THE ONE TIME
ON

LITERARY

PREPARATION OF YOUR EFIGE.

Monday
last night it occurred to me that killing her did me good.
New I would be
Tuesday
will do it

THE BEST RESULTS FROM YOUR VODOO
STEPS MUST BE ADHERED TO (FIRSTLY,
PERSONALITY
OF
VODOO
THESE
THE NEXT BEST OPTION IS TO BRUSH SOME
YOUR PERSONAL POSSESSION OF THE VICTIM ONTO YOUR VODOO
DOLL, A RING
BROKEN OR EVEN A STRIP OF FABRIC FROM THEIR CLOTHING WILL
YOUR VODOO DOLL TO IMPART IT WITH ITS MAGICAL
RITUAL POWER.
THE CEREMONY MUST BE DONE AT HIGH NOON ON

REMAINS

SOME MANUSCRIPTS OF MURDERERS

SCREENPLAY BY ERIK MENENDEZ

It's hard to think of two individuals who better sum up the 'greed is good' 1980s than those playboy parent-killers, the Menendez brothers. On the evening of 20 August 1989 Jose Menendez, a Cuban-American video company executive and his wife Kitty were sitting down to bowls of blueberries and ice-cream in the family room of their L.A. home when Lyle (22) and Erik (20) burst in to create a reasonable facsimile of a Sam Peckinpah movie. So convincing was the brothers' subsequent display of grief that police initially suspected a Mafia hit. Meanwhile they embarked on a spending spree lasting months, with Erik attempting to kick-start a career as a professional tennis player while Lyle bought, among other things, a condominium and a restaurant. Inevitably such behaviour (and the sheer



messiness of the killings - Mafia hitmen don't usually waste so many bullets) made them suspects, and when a tape recording of them confessing to their therapist surfaced they were arrested.

The result of their concurrent trials, which began in July 1993 (just as two made-for-TV movies about the case were getting underway) seemed a foregone conclusion until the brothers played their trump card: sexual abuse. Their father, they claimed had been abusing them emotionally and sexually for years, and they had feared he was about to kill them. Their lurid testimony, broadcast to the nation on Court TV, convinced many that they were telling the truth, and when the jury could not decide on a verdict a mistrial was declared. By the time of their retrial the Menendez family fortune had disappeared into the pockets of lawyers. The new judge was less sympathetic to sensational but unsubstantiated testimony, and the trial ended in July 1996 with the brothers found guilty and sentenced to life.

It's said that those inhabitants of California who don't want to get into movies want to make them, so it's hardly surprising that a screenplay, written by Erik with a friend, had been found in the house by police. It told the story of a young man who is so impatient for his inheritance he kills his parents. And, in a twist as grotesquely tacky as anything else in this story, it was said to have been typed up for the boys by Kitty Menendez.

AIRPORT NOVEL BY PATRIZIA REGGIANI

You may think the Menendez brothers had some gall, but they were models of discretion compared to Patrizia Reggiani, the ex-wife of Maurizio Gucci,

heir to the Gucci family fortune, who arranged for his murder in 1995.

They had married in 1972 and lived a life of extreme opulence, with constant feuding among the family members over control of the company (in the mid-80s, Maurizio had forced an uncle and three cousins from its board). "Being married to a Gucci is worse than being married to a Borgia," Patrizia said. Although she reportedly dominated her husband, he initiated divorce proceedings in the mid-80s. Patrizia, unhappy with her \$750,000 a year alimony payment and worried that Maurizio was going to squander the family fortune, began to cast about for someone to rub him out. She asked her children's nanny and her boyfriend several times if they knew anyone who would do the job, and questioned her divorce lawyer about the legal ramifications of having Maurizio killed (he thought she was joking). Eventually she hired four people - her personal psychic and three Sicilian thugs. On the morning of 27 March 1995 Maurizio was shot and killed as he entered an office building in Milan. With the number of hints Patrizia had been dropping, it may seem surprising that it took almost two years for the Italian police to charge her with the murder, but it appears that Maurizio, like the victim in an Agatha Christie story, had people lining up who wanted him dead.

Patrizia Reggiani's life reads like a trashy airport novel. After her arrest in January 1997, police found the manuscript of one she had written. It had a central character based on Maurizio, who dies at the hands of a hired killer. "Living is a daily risk, even for the most anonymous individual," she wrote philosophically. "Some die in a car accident, some die from illness, and some have the privilege of becoming the target of a killer for hire."

THE DIARIES OF SHARON CARR

Murderers tend to be self-aggrandising individuals, so perhaps it's strange that few of them keep diaries describing their crimes. An exception to this - and a striking one - are the journals kept by British schoolgirl killer Sharon Carr.

Carr was born in the former British colony of Belize, Central America in 1980. Her father was an alcoholic policeman, her mother, Molly, a practitioner of voodoo (at least according to the British tabloids, not the world's most reliable source). After splitting with Sharon's father, Molly began seeing George Carr, a member of the British army medical corps, who later took them to live in England.

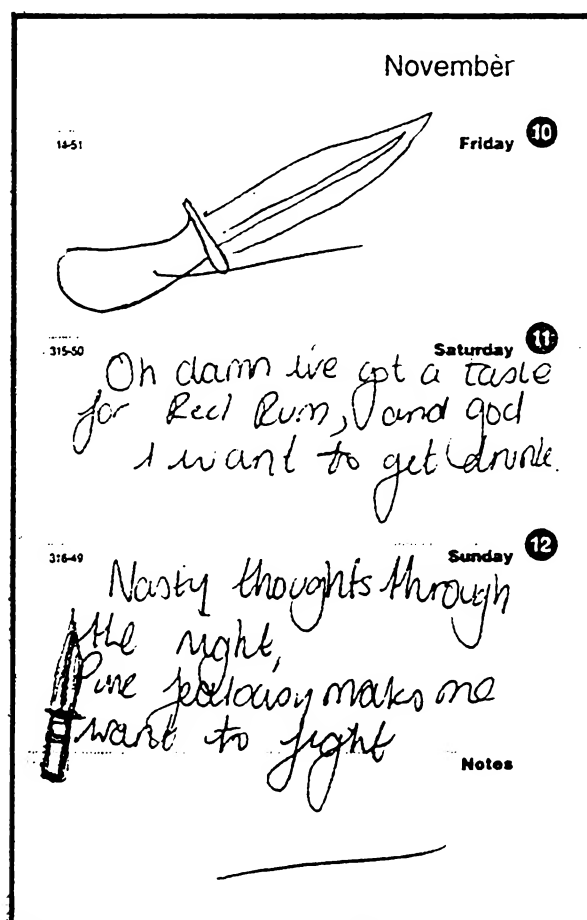
Sharon had grown up surrounded by violence. In Belize, she had witnessed the ritual slaughter of animals, as well as seeing a man burnt alive. She watched Molly throw boiling oil on her stepfather, while one of Molly's punishments for Sharon was to pour pepper on her vagina. She began to have violent fantasies from an early age, seeing, when she looked in a mirror, the face of the devil. She

decapitated a neighbour's dog and various other animals. She also found she was sexually attracted to women.

Sharon was 12 years old when she attended a disco in Camberley, south-west London, on the night of 6 June 1992. An 18-year-old trainee hairdresser named Katie Rackliff caught her eye, but Sharon was annoyed to see her flirting with boys. The sequence of events isn't clear, but later that night, near a cemetery some 8km from the disco, Rackliff was stabbed 29 times and her genitals mutilated.

Two years after the murder, Carr stabbed another girl at her school in the chest, and was sent to a prison in Essex. Here, she developed a crush on a prison officer, and in an attempt to impress her, confessed to killing Rackliff. It was at this point that her diaries came to light, in which she wrote in great length and detail about what a 'turn-on' killing was, noting that "death by knife wound and sex go together". Another passage, describing Rackliff's murder: "I told her, I had a knife, but she didn't react. My confusion gives way to anger. Damn you, I tell her in a hissing, violent whisper. I bring the knife into her chest... I don't want to hurt her but I need to do violence to her, and that's more powerful than lust. I need to overcome her beauty. I know she feels her life drained slowly from her. I knew that all her life, her breathing has worked. But it doesn't now, and I'm joyful".

It's not hard to trace Sharon Carr's character and actions back to her terrible childhood. But, in a Britain still trying to reconcile the supposed innocence of children with the 1993 killing of Jamie



Bulger by two 10-year-old boys, the schoolgirl's murderous musings were simply seen as further confirmation that such acts are the result of the ever-popular - if nebulous - concept of pure evil.

LAW ESSAY BY FRANK VITKOVIC

Frank Vitkovic was born in 1965, the son of a Yugoslav housepainter, and grew up in a Melbourne suburb. He wrote - in a note found after his death - that he first felt "the seeds of doom" when he was eight, but his childhood seemed normal enough. Fiercely competitive in everything he did, he was an excellent student, played tennis and snooker well, and was known for his sense of humour. He made few friends however, and was awkward with girls.

Vitkovic did well in his final exams, and commenced a law degree at Melbourne University in 1985. He passed his first year, but after that things began to fall apart rapidly. A knee injury prevented him playing tennis, a huge blow to his self-esteem. He gained weight, lost interest in his appearance, and stopped studying. He complained of headaches and was seen walking around talking to himself.



Frank Vitkovic takes aim

There is much discussion among criminologists these days of 'profiling' murderers, the ultimate aim being to identify those likely to become serial killers or mass murderers before they swing into action. Interestingly, Vitkovic had thoughts on the subject. "Look for people with a history of rejection, loneliness and ill-treatment, who also have a fascination with guns and you won't go wrong," he wrote in his diary, which seems as good advice as any. From this point on, Vitkovic did his best to fit this profile.

In mid-1985 he handed in what was supposed to be a contract law essay. Instead, he had written a rambling argument for the execution of civil libertarians who defend the rights of murderers. "The reforms I would make to the present system are to reintroduce capital punishment for civil libertarians. The present criminal laws are a farce. One person has lost all his civil rights (i.e. has been murdered) whilst the son-of-a-bitch who killed him is entitled, according to 'civil libertarian philosophy'

to have his rights considered..." At one point the text was interrupted by a subheading which read "Warning: prophetic - St Paul."

The essay having been read by an alarmed examiner, Vitkovic was referred to the university's counselling service. He had two appointments with a psychologist, who decided he was seriously disturbed and might require hospitalisation. The service was a voluntary one, however, and when Vitkovic stopped seeing the psychologist no further action was taken.

On the afternoon of 8 December 1987, Vitkovic walked into the Australia Post building in Queen Street, Melbourne, where an old school friend named Con Margelis worked. For no apparent reason, Vitkovic had built up a huge grudge against Margelis. Going to Margelis's floor, he pulled from underneath his jacket a sawn-off carbine purchased a few weeks before, pointed it at him and pulled the trigger, but it failed to go off. Margelis managed to escape. Vitkovic then walked from floor to floor, shooting people at random. He would have killed far more than the eight he did had the trigger mechanism of his gun not been faulty. Eventually tackled by a worker, he managed to jump through a window and fell 11 floors to his death.

In the last months of his life, Frank Vitkovic might as well have been walking around carrying a sign saying "Look out, spree killer in the making!" The problem with profiling is, no matter how much an individual fits the profile, you can't do a damn thing with it until the first bullet is fired.

PHILOSOPHICAL TRACT BY EDWARD BERGIN

Not quite the manuscript of a murderer, although it very nearly became one, is a document connected to a now-forgotten crime from 1983 which has always intrigued me.

Edward Bergin was an Irish academic who came to Sydney in the '60s. In 1982, aged 47, he abruptly resigned from the position of media lecturer at the Catholic College of Education, which he had held for some years, and sold his house. He said he was returning to Ireland, which he did briefly, but then he came back. Apart from the fact that he later made a short trip to the Philippines, nothing else is known about the last year of his life, although a friend who spotted him towards the end of it saw he was wearing, uncharacteristically, a leather jacket and had dyed his grey hair red.

On the evening of 30 November 1983 Bergin walked into the offices of the Greek *O Kosmos* newspaper in the Sydney suburb of Marrickville. He was wearing blue overalls and army boots. He pulled a shotgun from the bag he was carrying and said to the staff, "Don't move or I'll blow your head off." He initially said it was a robbery, but then produced a forged customs pass and said he was searching the place for narcotics. He had men

surrounding the building, he said, and they were "above the police".

The paper's editor had managed to escape and raise the alarm, and two police officers arrived on the scene. Bergin said to them, "There was a maniac here but he's gone now. Come in, boys." When he pointed the gun at them, they dived for cover. Bergin advanced on them, using a hostage as a shield, and fired a shot. Both officers returned the fire, hitting him in the chest and killing him.

In Bergin's car, which was parked nearby, police found, among many rounds of ammunition, a rifle and a monkey mask, a briefcase full of stamped letters addressed to TV stations and other media organisations. Each contained a long philosophical tract entitled 'The Purifier of Life', accompanied by a note which read, "Please keep this. It will explain the tragic events that will occur in the next few weeks, months, even years."

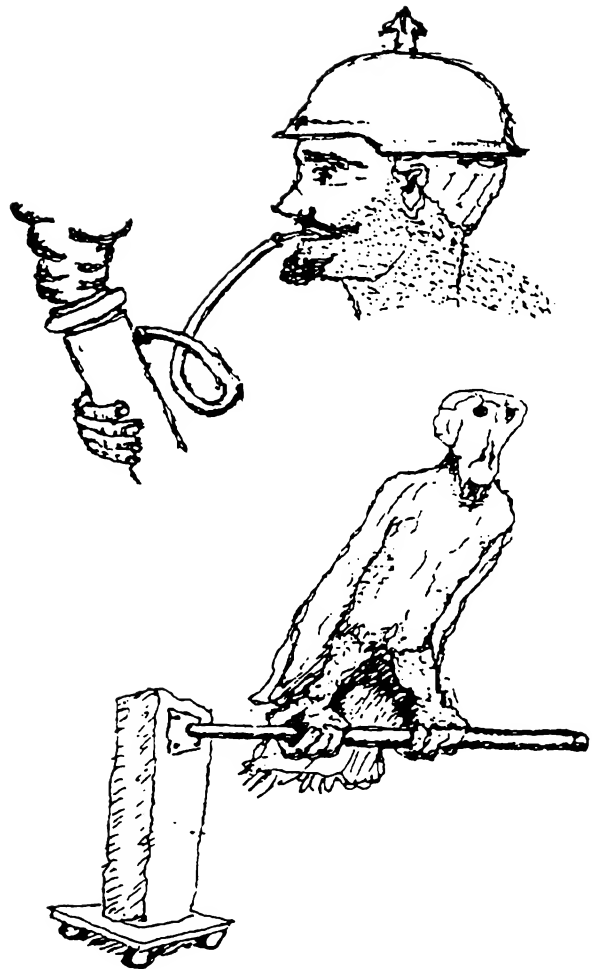
It didn't.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF WADE FRANKUM

On the afternoon of 17 August 1991, a 33-year-old part-time taxi driver named Wade Frankum sat in a booth in the Coffee Pot cafe in Strathfield Plaza, western Sydney (an establishment, incidentally, much frequented by my mother at the time). After about an hour and several cups of coffee, he came to a decision, drew a bowie knife and stabbed to death a 15-year-old girl who was sitting in the booth next to him, leaving the knife in her back. He then pulled a semi-automatic rifle from his black sports bag and shot dead a further five people. Running from the cafe, he gunned down another man at the foot of a ramp leading to the car park. Heading up this ramp, firing as he went, he aimed a few shots at the railway station just across the road from the plaza. He then got into a car and told its woman driver to take him to a nearby suburb, but when he heard police sirens approaching he changed his mind, apologised to the woman, got out of the car and shot himself.



Wade Frankum



A sign in Strathfield station reading "If you've got time to kill, relax at Strathfield Plaza" was hastily taken down.

The bare details of Frankum's life emerged in the days after the murders. He was a loner, a man who had failed to make much of an impression on anyone who had met him. His mother had committed suicide in 1990 and the \$30,000 he had inherited from her had mostly been spent on prostitutes (he paid for conversation rather than sex, and seems to have been a deeply repressed homosexual). The money was about to run out when he went on his shooting spree.

On the day of the murders, the NSW Coroner appointed a forensic psychologist, Dr Rod Milton, to the case. He visited the crime scene and Frankum's flat, and in the latter found a wealth of material: odd little drawings (see above), attempts at artistic photography, plans for business schemes like a cafe and a novelty voodoo doll, ideas for humorous greeting cards (Example: "FEELN (sic) GOOD? ON TOP OF IT?... EAT SHIT AND DIE!"), some barely literate autobiographical jottings. He wrote essays on topics like "Ghosts and Road Accidents", and made tape recordings of himself reading them in a stilted manner. Clearly, Frankum's dreams exceeded his talents. Yet nothing in this debris of his mind gave any indication of why he had gone so abruptly over the edge, nothing that would put him, in Milton's words, "outside the 'normal' range of persons". In death, as in life, Wade Frankum remained a blank.

Mary's Voice-Box

The Virgin Mary is, according to Catholic doctrine, the 'Mediatrice of all Graces', the intermediary between God and human beings, so it's only fitting that she pop down to visit us occasionally. In Australia, as in most Western countries, Mary's touring schedule has been a hectic one in recent years. Pilgrims have been flocking to the Christ Church in the tiny South Australian town of Yankalilla to see the image of Mary which has appeared in a patch of rough plaster on the wall above the altar (while the church's affable rector, Father David Nutter, does a brisk trade in holy medals and bottles of holy water); while a former housewife and primary school teacher, Debra Geilesky, has founded a thriving religious community in Helidon, outside Townsville, Queensland, built around her regular conversations with Mary and Jesus. But there is no doubt the Mary market in this country has been well and truly cornered by a short, tubby, bespectacled ex-bank clerk who had been acting as Mary's 'voice-box' for over 15 years, and who goes by the unlikely monicker of 'The Little Pebble'.

William Kamm was born in Germany in 1950. He and his family migrated to Australia when he was four, settling first in South Australia and later in Wollongong on the NSW south coast. When Kamm was 22 he moved to Sydney and got a job in a factory. He later held a series of jobs in banks and financial institutions, but none of them lasted very long.

In 1979 and 1981, Kamm paid visits to Bayside, New York, known as the 'Lourdes of America', where a woman named Veronica Leuken had been receiving messages from the Virgin since 1970. During his second visit, many of Leuken's female followers complained that Kamm had been making unwanted sexual advances to them. He had, for example, been wandering among the women who were stuffing envelopes for a mail-out, kissing their ears and breathing on the backs of their necks. Leuken told one of her lieutenants to order him out. Also present when Kamm was confronted with the allegations was a Canadian journalist, Anne Cillis, who was briefly involved with the sect and later wrote a book exposing it. She described what happened to the *Sydney Morning Herald* in 1993.

"He was arrogant and scornful and so cynical in his response. We eventually said: 'Either you leave now or we'll get you thrown out in the morning.'"

He then walked over to the door and put his hand on his hip in this sexy pose and said: 'Well, I guess it's time that Australia got its own seer.' "

Kamm's financial situation at this point was a precarious one. He had borrowed a large sum of money from a woman friend some years earlier, and still owed her over \$10,000. In 1982, unemployed and with debts of almost \$20,000, he declared bankruptcy. It was around this time that Kamm began to organise prayer meetings and gather followers.

Kamm claims to have had his first message from Mary in 1968, while he was washing dishes. His group, based on a property called Cambewarra near Nowra in NSW, was originally called the Marian Work of Atonement, later the Order of St Charbel. As for the name 'the Little Pebble', Kamm claims it was bestowed on him by Mary herself. It's usually taken to be a play on St Peter's nickname, 'the Rock'. Kamm says that one day he will be Pope Peter II.

The activities of the Little Pebble came to the attention of the media in 1984. He was denounced by the Bishop of Wollongong, William Murray, who stressed that his ceremonies were not condoned by the Church. The Little Pebble had a meeting with Murray in 1986, during which he declared that Wollongong would soon be destroyed in an earthquake which only seven clergy would survive. "And you won't be one of them," he told the Bishop.

Dire prophecies have been the Pebble's stock-in-trade from the beginning. The apocalypse was imminent. Sydney was going to be levelled by six atomic bombs. Russia would invade America. San Francisco and Los Angeles would be hit by earthquakes and slide into the sea. In 1986 he told veteran journo Jim Oram that Perth was 'like Sodom' and would soon be hit by an earthquake and a tidal wave. "It could be within the next month or the next two years," he said. More recently, he predicted that the earth would be destroyed when the Hale-Bopp comet collided with the sun, and seemed genuinely surprised when this didn't happen. As usual when one of his prophecies fails, Kamm used the excuse that our conception of time is different to the Almighty's.

"In God's eyes, when he speaks about time/day it has a much different meaning from our day.

It's like the old prophets who were told something

that's going to occur, but didn't occur. But did that make the prophets wrong?

That Hale-Bopp event will still happen."

Kamm has always liked publicity (a fact which may eventually lead to his downfall). In 1985, a photograph was released to the media, showing the Little Pebble meeting Pope John Paul II. According to Kamm's account, after slipping a note to the Pope during an open-air mass, he was rung by a papal secretary who arranged a meeting with the Pope. During this he told the Pope that the Blessed Mother had sent him, to which the Pope replied, "I know." The truth was a little more mundane. The photo had been taken when Kamm attended a mass open to the public. It did the trick however, convincing many Catholics that the Little Pebble's activities had papal approval.

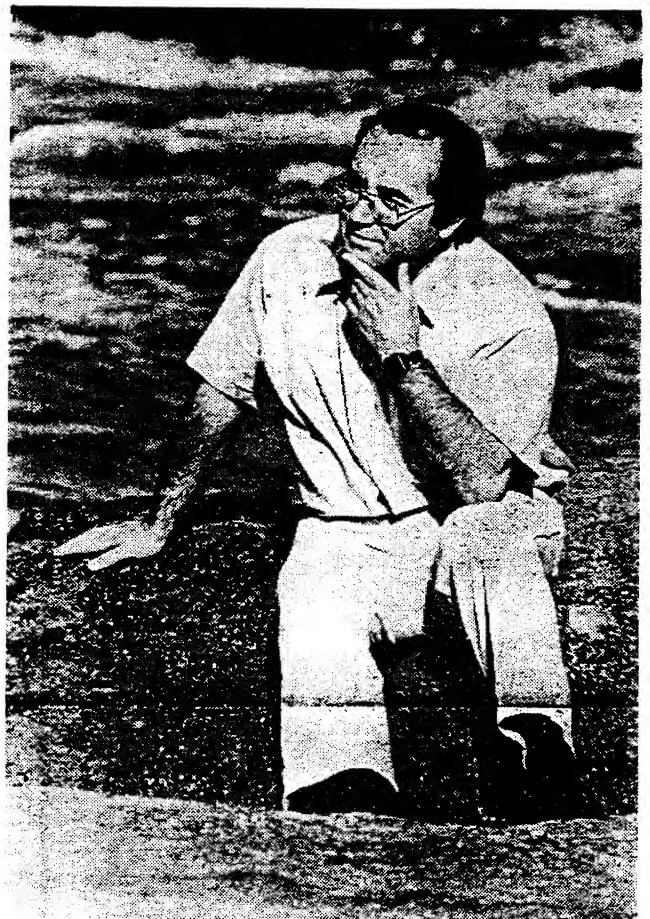
By 1988, William Kamm had cause to look at what he had created and feel pleased. Hundreds of people were turning up at his Nowra mission for the 'Atonement' days held on the 13th of each month, during which, dressed in his customary brown sackcloth, he relayed Mary's messages, while pilgrims drank the water from a sacred spring. He traveled the world regularly, visiting other sights of Marian devotion (Kamm says he is one of 120 currently in contact with the Virgin). And the money was rolling in. The Pebble doesn't muck about here. His motto is 'Give all, receive all', and he expects his followers to donate everything they have. So, things were looking good all round. Surely then, time to loosen up a bit, to enjoy some rewards for all the hard work?

He was in Poland, traveling with a Polish priest, Father Gebicki, who had joined him at the beginning of 1988, when he met a teenage girl named Bozena Golebiowska, and was given some startling news by the girl's spiritual advisor, a priest named Jankowski. According to Jankowski, Mary had entered Bozena's body, at the same time, and 'in the most incomprehensible manner', that Jesus Christ had entered the body of the Little Pebble. The only thing for it, said the priest, was to arrange a 'mystical marriage ceremony' between the two of them. (This sounds a bit like mystical incest to me, but that shows how much I know.) The ceremony was duly performed in Jankowski's parish church, with Father Gebicki doing the honours. Bozena declared that they would spend their wedding night in the same room, though in separate beds. The Pebble later confessed to Gebicki that when he got to the room there was only one bed in it. When Bozena approached him to consummate the marriage, however, he had realised it was 'the work of the devil', and he had spent most of the night in the toilet.

If there's some doubt whether this mystical marriage was consummated, there's none concerning

the one that followed it. In March 1991 the Pebble told several of his followers that his wife Anne (whom he had married in 1983, and with whom he had four children) was going to die in April that year. Luckily there was a 17-year-old girl named Bettina Lammerman, who lived in Germany. She had been praying to marry the Pebble since she was 14, he explained, and Mary thought it was an excellent idea that she should take the place of the unfortunate, if still living, Anne. Kamm flew to Germany the following month to collect Bettina. Somehow all of this was kept from Anne, who was under the impression her husband was bringing a nanny back from Germany. Soon after Bettina moved into their house she realised the truth and left, taking the children. All of this frolicsome and decidedly un-Marian behaviour was too much for Father Gebicki, who left the group and wrote a 66-page 'confession' detailing his experiences with the Pebble, which he gave to the Bishop of Wollongong. Kamm has since fathered another four children with Bettina, whose mother is also a member of his Nowra community.

All was quiet for a while on the Pebble front, until reports began to appear in mid-1997 that the group was stockpiling arms for a coming confrontation with the army. According to 'Peter', a 26-year-old former member interviewed by the Melbourne *Herald Sun*, the arrival of Hale-Bopp would bring the 'first



The Little Pebble contemplates the six atomic bombs which are going to fall on Sydney



The Pope meets the Pebble

chastisement', followed by two holy wars during which the army would try to take the group's children. Peter, who had been living at the Pebble's Victorian headquarters in Tyaak near Singleton, had gone out and bought a 150-pound crossbow. And it wasn't just weapons that the Pebble was stockpiling.

"As June 1 [when Hale-Bopp was due to appear] came closer, everyone was talking more and more about death, and I was spending thousands of dollars on food and stupid things like scanners, walkie-talkies, dozens of crucifixes, rooms full of statues and cards.

Things just weren't adding up and I started to wonder if William was telling the truth."

In November 1997, the Little Pebble made a memorable appearance on the *60 Minutes* program. When asked by reporter Jeff McMullen if he had told Mary about the film crew's visit, the Pebble replied he had, and that not only was she pleased about it, but "she came down with the Baby Jesus, and the Baby Jesus left our Mother and came over to all of you and kissed you on the forehead." (Not the sort of welcome Australian TV reporters are used to receiving.) Asked what Mary looked like, he pointed to a traditional painting of her, sacred heart ablaze.

He took McMullen on a tour of the Nowra property, showing him a large rock, brought there from Jerusalem by two angels, which the Pebble will one day strike to bring forth a holy spring, and their extensive stores of food. The Pebble currently owns two shops and properties in three States, and estimates his net worth to be \$4.5 million (which sounds like an understatement). He denied that he was stockpiling guns or that he encouraged his followers to join the army or police to gain weapons training, as has been alleged, although he admitted having a 'papal guard' called the Warriors of St Michael, who were licensed to carry guns. Throughout the interview he remained softly spoken and unassuming, the very model of, well, an ex-bank clerk.

Perhaps he's conserving his strength for the prodigious effort which he will soon be called on to

perform - the repopulation of the world after Armageddon, no less. To help him (and his 'Holy Seed') in this task, he is currently seeking applications for a proposed harem of 12 queens and 72 princesses. Among the former members interviewed on the program was a girl named Christine Donohue, who, at age 16 and having lived in the cult for 8 years, was invited by the Pebble to become a princess. Whether the relationship was spiritual or physical was up to her. For some reason, she declined both offers.

When stories about arms stockpiling and suggestions of sex with underage girls start being bandied about, it's usually the beginning of the end for a cult leader (look at what happened to David Koresh.) The Pebble has been running a pretty smooth operation up till now, but armed Marianism is a new - and risky - venture. If he's not careful, a confrontation between the authorities and his followers - be they armed with guns or religious statues - may be one prophecy the Little Pebble's made which will actually come to pass.



In Memoriam

JAMES ORAM

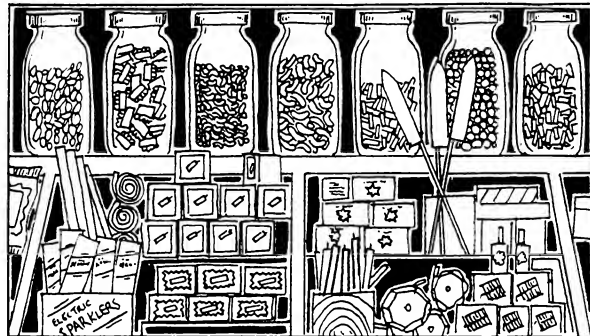
James Oram, whose 1986 interview with the Little Pebble I quote above, died of cancer in 1997. He was one of Australia's great trash journalists, labouring at the coalface of pop culture for decades. In the '60s he edited a terrific popular magazine called *Everybody's*, and wrote quickie paperbacks like *The Hellraisers* ("All about the Hollywood personalities who swing the most...and the hardest").

For me, Jim's finest moment came in the 1970s when, briefly and incongruously, he was a host of horror movies on TV. One night, introducing *The Day of the Triffids*, he related how he had been in England during its filming, and scored a part in it which, of course we were to watch out for. He was, he told us, with no little pride, one of the corpses lying on a railway station platform. This seemed to me (and to my erstwhile colleague Tony Moore, who also happened to be watching that night - we would compare notes years later) the epitome of cool.



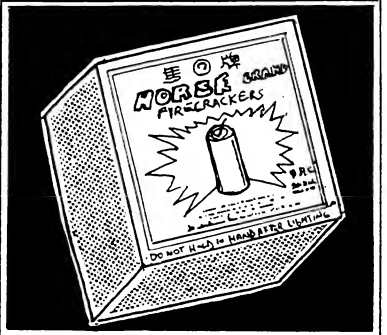
IT WAS THE ONE NIGHT OF THE YEAR CRACKER NIGHT!

I WAS ONE OF THE LAST GENERATION OF AUSTRALIAN KIDS TO BE SUPPLIED WITH EXPLOSIVES FOR THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

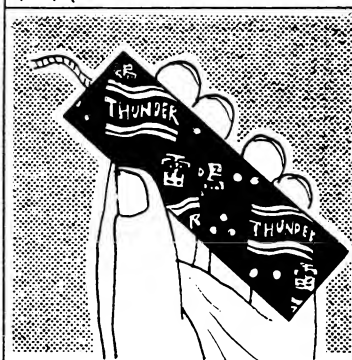


IT BEGAN WEEKS BEFORE. IN THE CORNER SHOPS, AMONGST THE LOLLIES, APPEARED GUNPOWDER IN TIGHTLY ROLLED TUBES OF CARDBOARD - CRACKERS IMPORTED FROM CHINA.

THEY CAME IN RED CELLOPHANE PACKAGES WITH COLOURFUL LABELS AND EXOTIC NAMES LIKE 'PO HA' AND 'SHI SING'.

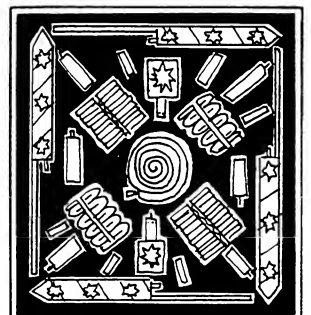


AND THEN THERE WAS THE MOTHER OF THEM ALL - THE 'THUNDER BUNGER'.



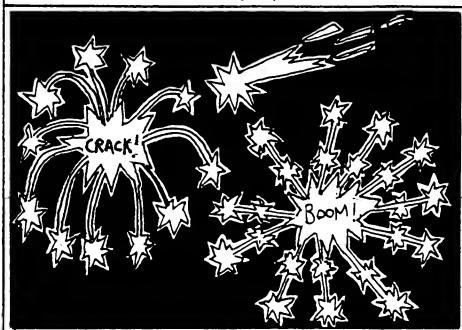
I'D SPEND HOURS IN THE BACKYARD BLOWING UP WHATEVER CAME TO HAND - FLOWER POTS, ANT NESTS, MODEL AIRPLANES.

I LOVED THE SMELL OF CRACKERS IN THE MORNING. THEY SMELLED LIKE VICTORY.



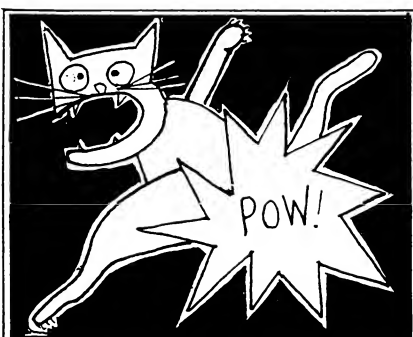
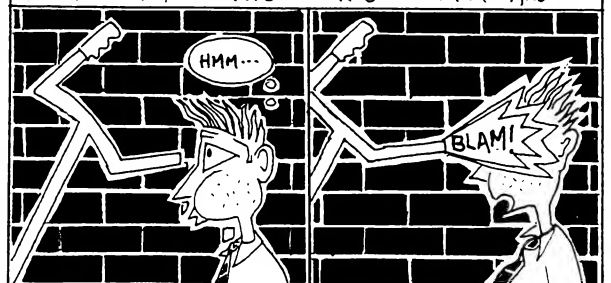
MEANWHILE, DAD WAS STOCKPILING FOR THE BIG NIGHT. SKYROCKETS, CATHARMEWHEELS, JUMPING JACKS, TOM THUMBS.

FINALLY THE NIGHT ARRIVED AND OUR BACKYARD BECAME A PYROTECHNIC HEAVEN WHICH REACHED A CRESCENDO AT MIDNIGHT.



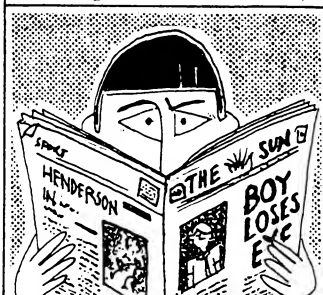
AFTERWARDS, A THICK PALL OF SMOKE HUNG IN THE AIR.

BUT THERE WERE DARK FORCES AT WORK. NEWSPAPERS AND TV WERE FULL OF STORIES ABOUT THE DANGERS OF CRACKERS. ONE STORY KEPT REAPPEARING - A KID WOULD PUT A BUNGER DOWN THE HANDLEBAR OF HIS BIKE. THEN WHEN IT DIDN'T GO OFF, HE'D HAVE A LOOK DOWN THERE AND...



THEN THERE WERE THE STORIES OF KIDS THROWING CRACKERS AT OLD LADIES AND STICKING BUNGERS UP CAT'S BUMS.

THERE WAS TALK OF BANNING CRACKERS. I WAS INCENSED. I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE WHO BLEW UP OLD LADIES AND I THOUGHT ANY KID STUPID ENOUGH TO GET HIS EYE BLOWN OUT DESERVED IT.



I STARTED A PETITION AND GOT ALL MY FRIENDS TO SIGN. TO NO AVAIL. CRACKER NIGHT WAS BANNED. NOW YOU CAN ONLY SEE FIREWORKS IN BIG, FACIST-STYLE CEREMONIES.



TALES OF THE HOLLOW EARTH

I'm all for commonsense - in certain situations, but I've always got time for a bit of wild, uninformed speculation. And what better to speculate wildly about, from the comfort of your armchair, than the vast, unexplored interior of our own planet? Sure, boring scientists tell us that the earth is solid, that there's nothing down there but rock and a lot of rather frightening red-hot magma, but then, to borrow the immortal words of Mandy Rice-Davies, "They would, wouldn't they?"

Such was not always the case. Cosmological theories involving a hollow earth were part of orthodox science until the late 18th century. In 1692 British astronomer Edmund Halley - he of comet fame - in an attempt to explain variations in the measurements of the North Magnetic Pole, proposed a world made up of four concentric spheres, one inside the other, each separated by an atmosphere, and all turning about a common axis but at slightly different speeds. In a speculative mood, Halley went on to wonder whether each of these spheres might support life, just as the outer sphere supports us. For Halley, as for many of the early hollow earthers, one of the reasons for such speculation was a simple one if somewhat puzzling to us today - economy. God, they reasoned, would surely not waste the vast interior of a planet by filling it up with rock. (This reminds me of the doddering old Christian Brother I once had as a history teacher, who solemnly told us that the pyramids were so big the Egyptians would not have wasted them on just one pharaoh each.)

Advances in physics and geology soon made theories like Halley's untenable. That left the business of promoting a hollow earth to enthusiastic amateurs, the first and most enthusiastic of them all being an American named John Cleves Symmes. An ex-soldier and frontier trader, Symmes retained Halley's concentric spheres separated by an 'aerial elastic fluid' but added his own idea of twin openings at the poles (the one at the north pole being 4,000 miles in diameter). These holes were joined so that the earth was in effect shaped like a doughnut, and it was possible to sail into the openings and reach the inner world.

In 1818 Symmes distributed a circular throughout America outlining his ideas and requesting funds to mount an expedition - to be led by him - into the northern opening. Undeterred by the ridicule with which this was generally met, the single-minded

Symmes spent the next few years lecturing and hectoring, picking up some prominent supporters along the way (no less than nine petitions advocating Symmes's expedition were debated by Congress). After his death his work was carried on by his son, Americus, who was big on the idea that the interior world was inhabited by the Lost Tribes of Israel.

Other hollow earthers followed in Symmes's wake. One of the more indefatigable was Marshall Gardner, a sewing machine manufacturer whose masterpiece, *A Journey to the Earth's Interior; or, Have the Poles Really Been Reached?* appeared in 1913. Gardner kept Symmes polar openings but jettisoned the system of concentric spheres, believing instead in the earth as a hollow bubble equipped with an interior sun. Gardner, in Jules Verne mode, wrote vividly of an internal world bursting with lush vegetation and roamed by animals such as mastodons which were thought to be extinct. As with many of the early hollow earthers, one of Gardner's main themes was that here was a vast amount of land ripe for colonisation by the United States.

Gardner lived long enough to see both north and south poles reached - in 1911 and 1913 respectively - but went to his grave believing that instead of reaching the poles (which of course he did not believe in), the explorers had simply wandered aimlessly around the rims of his vaunted polar openings.

Meanwhile the theory of a hollow earth had been given a novel twist by the social visionary Dr Cyrus Teed. He too postulated a hollow earth warmed by a central sun, but then went on to suggest that we are actually living *inside* such a globe. This is what is known in Hollywood as a 'high concept'.

Teed, who was born in 1839, was a doctor of what would now be called alternative medicine and a dabbler in 'electro-alchemy'. One night he was sitting in his alchemical laboratory in New York, pondering the mysteries of the universe, when he had a strange and erotic vision. A beautiful, golden-haired, purple-robed woman appeared who told him he had been reincarnated many times - once as Jesus Christ - and revealed to him the secrets of the cosmos. Teed (as Vernon Howell of the Branch Davidians would do many years later) adopted the name of Koresh (Hebrew for Cyrus), and began

preaching his revelation to his patients, most of whom thought him unhinged. Undaunted, he moved to Chicago and during the 1880s acquired a large number of - mostly female - followers, attracted by the man's magnetic personality.

There was a lot more to Teed's ideas than an eccentric cosmology. Like many 19th century idealists he dreamed of setting up a utopian community, a New Jerusalem, the capital of the world. His opportunity came in 1890 when a German settler in Florida was persuaded to sign over 320 acres on Estero Bay to the Koreshans. Teed moved about a hundred of his followers there and set up the Koreshan Co-operative and Communistic Society, run, as its name suggests, on communist lines. Alcohol and tobacco were forbidden and celibacy was recommended for the community's upper echelons. Women occupied an exalted position in Koreshanity. The community was ruled by Teed, his longtime companion Anna Ordway, whom he had renamed Victoria Gratia, and a council of seven women representing the seven planets. (The fact that the majority of Teed's followers were women led, not surprisingly, to allegations of sexual impropriety on his part, but for once these seem to have been unfounded). Teed's community prospered, with its population reaching 200 by the turn of the century.

According to Teed's cosmology, the sun, moon, stars, indeed everything we can see is inside the earth and outside there is - nothing. It was all quite literally a return to the womb - that of the earth goddess, the beautiful girl of his vision. Teed nevertheless continued to think of himself as a scientist, and cast about for some proofs. To this end, a device called the Rectilineator was constructed out of large T-squares, and over several months in 1897 experiments were carried out with it which proved that the earth was indeed, as Teed's theory required, concave. A large sign above the entrance to the Koreshan community proudly proclaimed "WE LIVE ON THE INSIDE".

Teed's mistake was to go into politics. Growing dissatisfied with the Democrats, for whom he had previously instructed his followers to vote, he formed the Progressive Liberty Party, which began to look like it might do well in the 1904 election. The tensions this caused led to a public brawl between Koreshans and some locals, during which Teed was beaten about the head. He never fully recovered from his injuries and died three years later. His followers, expecting his body to undergo 'Theocrisis' (i.e. disappear in a flash of electro-alchemical light), laid it in state and watched, only to see it decompose. Eventually the health authorities forced them to bury it, and the



Illustrations by John Vineburg

The vision of Cyrus Teed



Hitler's escape to the centre of the Earth went well, until...

community Teed had founded went into a slow decline.

While soon forgotten in America, Teed's ideas had a second lease of life in Germany when several issues of a Koreshan magazine fell into the hands of an ex-WWI pilot, Peter Bender, who was so taken with them he came to believe he too was a reincarnation of Koresh. He began to promote the 'Hollow Earth Doctrine' or 'Hohlweltlehre' vigorously, aided by the fact that he was friends with several high-level Nazis including Herman Goering. In 1933 an engineer named Mengerling, who lived in the city of Magdeburg in Prussia, conceived an experiment to test the theory. His idea was a simple one. If we indeed live inside a hollow sphere, then a rocket launched vertically from Germany would, if it travelled far enough, eventually land in somewhere like Australia. Mengerling obtained financial assistance from the city council and the help of several rocket experts from Berlin. Unfortunately rocket technology in 1933 wasn't quite up to this experiment and when, after several test flights, a projectile was launched on 29 June it travelled vertically rather than horizontally (it must have provided a good day out for the locals though). The Hollow Earth Doctrine was put to the test at least once more ten years later. With Germany desperate for new weapons to win

the war, the Naval Research Institute financed a study into the theory's naval applications (the idea here being that, if the surface of the earth is concave, objects at a distance - including enemy ships - might be detected by pointing a sufficiently powerful telescope at the sky.) When the results of these experiments proved less than promising, the Nazis apparently lost patience with Bender, and soon afterwards he and his family were carted off to a concentration camp where they perished.

In 1959 Ray Palmer, who had made quite a stir in the '40s by publishing Richard Shaver's stories about an underworld race of evil, hypnotising dwarfs called deros (See 'Of Teros and Deros' in *Bizzarrism* #3), began to promote the idea that flying saucers came not from outer space, but from the interior of the earth. His chief piece of evidence for the existence of polar openings - from which UFOs emerged - was the claim that famed polar explorer Admiral Richard E. Byrd, in expeditions in 1947 and 1956, had flown over the north and south poles and found lands 'beyond' them, facts which Palmer claimed the government had suppressed. Byrd had indeed been on expeditions in these years (although they had in fact both been to the south pole) but the tale of polar openings seems to have been made up by one F. Amadeo Giannini, who wrote about it in his book *Worlds Beyond the Poles*. This tale has

proved to be an extremely tenacious one. What was purported to be Byrd's uncensored log of the north pole trip was published as a book in 1990, and excerpts from it continue to pop up in alternative and conspiracy magazines. In the log, Byrd describes flying over rolling green hills and spotting what looks like a mammoth. Suddenly, flying saucers appear, emblazoned with swastikas! Byrd's plane is forced to land and he is met by several blonde, German-speaking men who take him to a glowing 'crystal city'. Here he meets the 'Master', who says that they have been observing 'our race' and warns Byrd that we are on a path to atomic destruction. (Byrd had obviously wandered into a variation of the idea that a group of Nazis - usually including Hitler - had escaped Germany in secretly developed flying saucers or 'fluegelrads' and were hiding out beneath the Antarctic.)

The Nazis are also linked to the hollow earth via a cluster of stories about Agharti, a legendary underground city somewhere in Central Asia which is said to be the home of a race of superior beings. Basically a corruption of certain Buddhist ideas (in particular the story of Shamballah, a hidden city which is sometimes thought of as a real place) the legend originated in the writings of a 19th century French political philosopher, Joseph-Alexandre Saint Yves, who advocated an authoritarian system called 'synarchy' - as opposed to anarchy. As an example of a society run along such lines, Saint Yves wrote about 'Agharta' (which he claimed to have learned about through telepathic communication with the Dalai Lama). With the spelling changed to Agharti, the city was popularised by a Russian exile, scientist and explorer, Ferdinand Ossendowski, in his 1922 blockbuster *Beasts, Men and Gods*. According to Ossendowski's account, he was travelling through Mongolia when a succession of monks and lamas all told him the same strange story. In 1890, they said,

a personage with the grand title of the 'King of the World' had appeared to them to deliver a great prophecy - a tale of coming wars and tribulations which would only end when the King and his subjects emerged from Agharti to bring about peace. Variations of this story have been kicking round for years. In the Nazi version, the city becomes the home of evil Tibetan monks who helped Hitler in his rise to power in the '30s.

The supposed polar discoveries of Admiral Byrd figure largely in Dr Raymond Bernard's *The Hollow Earth* (1963), which is the best-known book on the subject. Bernard - a pseudonym for Walter Stieglitz - was a health food crank and confirmed celibate who had been warning people of a coming nuclear holocaust since the '50s (he lived on an island off Brazil which he claimed was outside fallout range). He also dreamed of a super race of females who reproduced parthogenetically, and came to believe they lived inside the earth. Bernard's attempts to sell land on his island were seen by some as little more than a real estate scam, but it seems that Bernard genuinely believed in the interior world, and himself suffered at the hands of conmen who claimed they could show him a way into it.

Whatever science may say about it, the hollow earth is such a neat and satisfying concept it's unlikely to ever disappear. A recent story doing the rounds of the New Age press told of a 1991 international expedition to the north pole led by Danish scientist Edmund Bork, which had passed through a polar opening and found a land of tropical vegetation, lit by its own sun, with a warm shallow sea and a peaceful population of humans - the ideal holiday destination in fact. Let's face it, we live on the skin of a large rock hurtling at unimaginable speeds through a vast, cold, mysterious and potentially dangerous universe. Wouldn't it be nice to go inside?

AND A FLAT EARTH UPDATE

When my copies of the venerable *Flat Earth News* stopped arriving in 1995, I feared that Charles K. Johnson, the elderly Californian who had been running the Flat Earth Society since 1971, had shuffled off this mortal coil. It's only recently that I found out what happened. In September 1995 fire destroyed Johnson's home on the fringes of the Mojave Desert, taking with it the society's records and research library. This misfortune was followed some months later by the death of Johnson's Australian-born wife and the society's secretary, Marjory (she hated it when Australia was referred to as 'down under', for obvious reasons). Johnson is down but not out. He's rebuilding the society's membership and again publishing his newsletter. To join, send \$US10 to Box 2533, Lancaster, CA 93534. Go on, encourage him. The man's a living legend of what British astronomer Patrick Moore affectionately called 'independent thinking'.



Charles Johnson

THE SICK WORLD OF SIGMUND FREUD

In Alfred Hitchcock's 1941 psychological thriller *Spellbound*, Gregory Peck plays JB, a man suffering from amnesia who is tormented by a sense of guilt and the possibility that he has killed a man, while Ingrid Bergman is wonderfully miscast as a psychoanalyst bravely trying to unlock his past. Analysing one of his dreams (famously art-directed by Salvador Dali) she concludes that he has witnessed a murder while skiing. They go to the valley where this took place and JB remembers the source of his guilt - as a child he had accidentally killed his brother, and this has led him to assume the guilt for the murder in the snowfields. Once the memory of killing his brother has surfaced, all his other memories come flooding back. He is cured.

Spellbound neatly encapsulates all that is compelling and attractive about the methods of Freudian analysis. I remember being enormously impressed by it as a kid. A psychoanalyst was like a detective, searching for clues and solving the deepest mysteries of all - the ones inside our own minds. It was very cool stuff.

To his supporters, Sigmund Freud is a great scientific pioneer along the lines of a Newton or Darwin, a fearless investigator who has opened up whole vistas of knowledge. If it's the unconscious mind you want to understand, Freud's your man, and terms such as the 'Oedipus complex', 'anal personality' and the ubiquitous 'Freudian slip' are common currency. The theory of the mind first expounded by Freud in the 1890s is undeniably one of the great pillars of 20th century thought.

Unfortunately for the 20th century, it's all bollocks.

INTO THE WORLD A FREUD IS BORN

"At the time of my birth," writes Freud in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, "an old-peasant woman had prophesied to my proud mother that her first-born child would be a great man." He was born in 1856 in Freiberg, Austro-Hungaria, and that he would indeed be a great man was something his parents never let him doubt. He studied medicine in Vienna, graduating in 1881, and while he would have preferred a career in research, financial pressures (he had just become engaged) forced

him to take up a position as a doctor at Vienna General Hospital.

Freud did some grind work in wards filled with the victims of cholera, typhus and other awful, now eradicated, diseases, but he soon gravitated towards psychiatry. He studied under Professor Thomas Meynert, who was doing pioneering work dissecting the bodies of deceased mental patients, noting the abnormalities in their brains and matching them with the symptoms they had suffered in life. All this time Freud was searching for a subject which would make him famous. In 1884 he read an article on a little-known drug, cocaine.

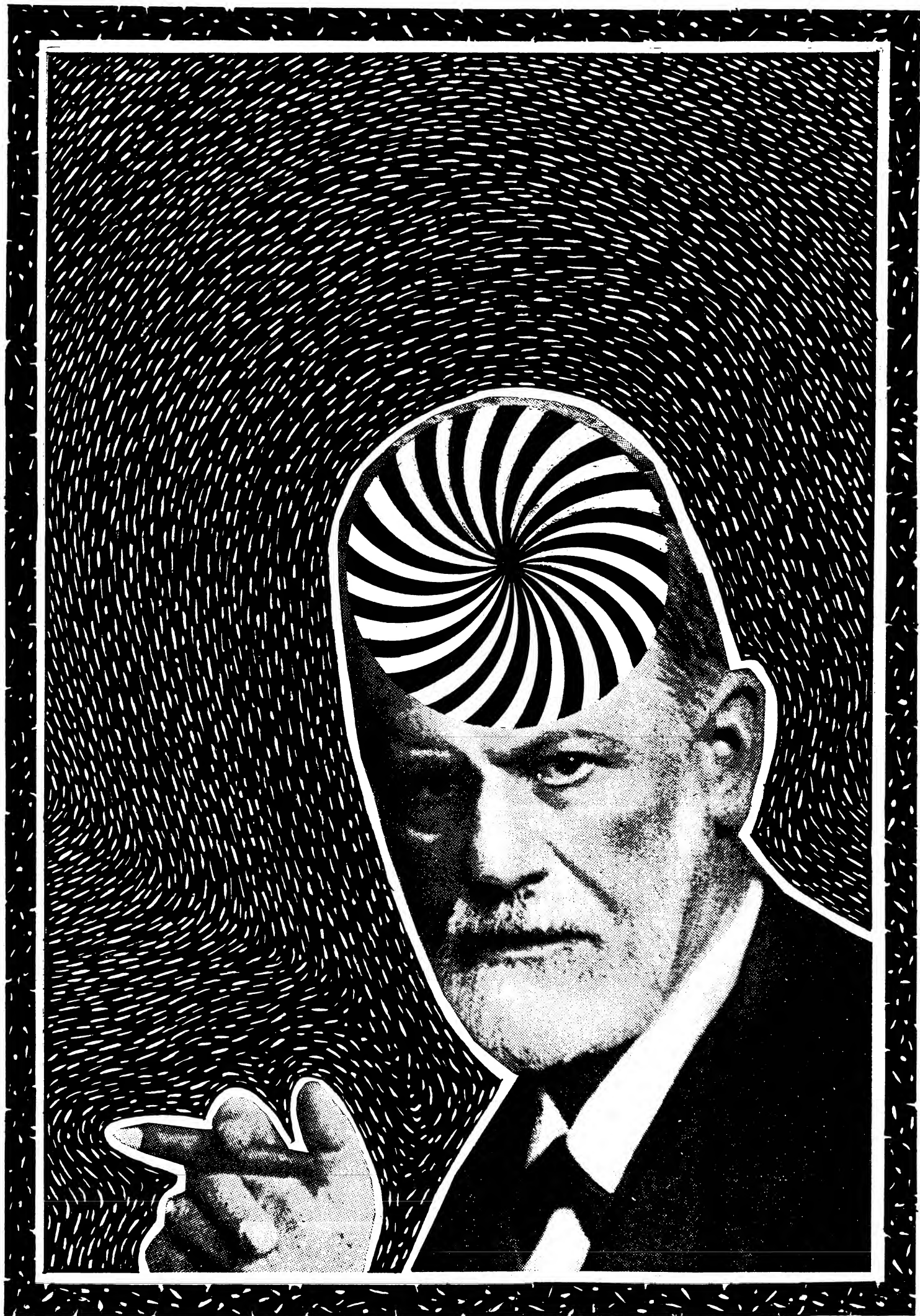
Freud took some cocaine and was amazed by its invigorating effects. He began to press it on his friends, colleagues, even his fiancée. He also gave it to a doctor friend, Fleischl-Marxow, in the belief that it would cure his morphine addiction. Fleischl-Marxow immediately became a huge coke addict. (He would die six years later, still hooked on cocaine and morphine.) Despite this disastrous result, Freud published a paper in which he claimed to have cured a morphine addict - who can only have been Fleischl-Marxow - in 20 days with the use of cocaine. This was the first of many instances of Freud claiming to have cured someone when no cure had taken place.

Freud grew so euphoric about the promise of cocaine he started to claim it could cure just about every human illness (a state of mind, it has been suggested, possibly caused by his own use of the drug). His euphoria was short-lived, as word of cocaine's addictive qualities quickly spread. He was forced to backpeddle furiously, while Freudian scholars have glossed over the whole affair as an unfortunate case of youthful enthusiasm.

In 1885 Freud won a grant which enabled him to travel to Paris to observe the work of the famous neurologist Jean-Martin Charcot.

CHARCOT'S CIRCUS

Charcot was known for the work he had done among the patients of Paris's Salpetriere hospital for women. Like Freud's previous mentor, Meynert, he had done important work in tracing nervous illnesses to brain



damage, but by the late 1870s he had begun to make a colossal mistake. Believing that he had identified all the organic causes of such illnesses, he was left with a group of women whose fits, seizures, paralysis and other conditions had no apparent cause. He came to the conclusion that these 'hysterical' patients, as they were called, were suffering from a mental, not physical, illness. In some unknown way, their minds were making them sick.

The concept of hysteria, a condition almost entirely associated with women, has been around since the Ancient Greeks. It had been noted that an hysterical fit often started with a sensation in the area of the womb, which gradually rose up through the body, ending with the feeling of a ball rising through the throat and choking the victim. From this it was surmised that hysteria was caused by women's wombs actually breaking free and roaming around their bodies. This belief was held by doctors well into the 18th century.

While studying his 'hysterical' female patients, Charcot became interested in hypnotism. He found that it was easy to hypnotise his patients and induce in them what were considered the typical symptoms of hysteria - convulsions, paralysis, abnormal rigidity in the limbs. Thus began 'Charcot's Circus', the name given to the regular demonstrations Charcot gave during which his 'hysteriques' would be, as it were, put through their paces. Not only doctors but politicians, writers, actors and anyone else who could get a ticket gathered to watch Charcot's patients rolling their eyes, foaming at the mouth and throwing themselves into incredible postures, such as the show-stopping 'arc-de-cercle' in which the patient's head and heels remained on the ground while her body arched violently into the air. Some of the younger and prettier 'hysteriques' became minor celebrities in their own right - neurological pin-ups.

What was really going on here? Because such spectacular displays of hysteria have rarely been seen since, some of Charcot's critics have suspected fraud. Yet, while it's possible that some of his patients were playing to the crowd, the whole phenomenon seems to have been largely a product of misdiagnosis. The tools which Charcot and his contemporaries had to examine brains were primitive by today's standards, and much of the neurological damage which can lead to severe illness simply couldn't be seen. Many of the women of Salpêtrière were probably suffering from temporal lobe epilepsy, which induces a fit beginning with the



sensation of a rising womb. This form of the disease wasn't identified until the introduction of the electroencephalogram in the 1940s. Others may have had multiple sclerosis, syphilis or a host of other diseases which were either not yet discovered or imperfectly understood at the time. As knowledge of these diseases has grown, the diagnosis of hysteria has virtually disappeared from medical textbooks.

Building on his initial error, Charcot observed physical symptoms such as ulcers or bleeding in his patients and concluded that these too were the products of hysteria. He also began to examine male victims of industrial accidents, in particular railway accidents, who seemed to have suffered no lasting physical damage, yet showed symptoms reminiscent of epilepsy. He decided that the men were suffering from 'hysterical trauma' from the memories of their accidents. (What most of them were actually suffering from, it's now clear, was what is today called 'closed head injury', which occurs when the brain is banged against the inside of the skull.) By the time Freud came to visit him, Charcot was firmly of the belief that the mind could induce in the body just about any symptom.

It's a common misconception that the investigation of the unconscious began with Freud. This is not at all the case. It has been known for centuries that the behaviour of human beings is influenced by unconscious processes, and the true nature of the unconscious was a hot topic among intellectuals during the years when Freud was starting his career. Charcot's experiments seemed to show that the unconscious was a much more powerful entity than had previously been thought, that the mind could create physical illness. Freud left Salpêtrière after six months with the second big idea which he felt could make him famous. He just had to work out the mechanism behind the process.

BREUER AND THE TALKING CURE

Freud returned to Vienna, married his fiancée, and set up a practice treating nervous patients, but grew frustrated with his lack of success with them. Finding he had no knack for hypnosis, he decided to try a technique first used by a friend of his, a doctor named Joseph Breuer. In 1881 Breuer had treated a 21-year-old girl he called 'Anna O.', who had fallen ill while nursing her tubercular father. Anna O.'s illness had begun with a simple cough, but developed into a bewildering parade of symptoms including (to name but a few) paralysis of parts of the body, a squint and double vision, an inability to recognise faces, deafness, regular lapses into a trance-like state during which she hallucinated, and an inability to speak her first language, German, so that she had to communicate in English.

Breuer decided early on that most if not all of her symptoms were hysterical. He found that she seemed to benefit from talking about her hallucinations, and it was Anna O. herself who coined the term 'talking cure'. The apparent breakthrough came when she developed an intense aversion to drinking water. During one of their sessions, she recalled her disgust at seeing a friend's dog drinking from its mistress's glass. As soon as she remembered this, according to Breuer, she could drink again.

Here is the psychoanalytical method in a nutshell, the moment dramatised in *Spellbound* where a memory

resurfaces and a symptom is swept away. The moment later dubbed 'abreaction'.

These days it seems perfectly natural to compare the brain to a computer (a comparison which may seem laughably simplistic in the future). Freud and Breuer, influenced by the technology they knew, drew their analogies from hydraulics and electricity. They suggested that a strong emotion which had, for whatever reason, been suppressed caused a build-up of energy in the brain, which becomes like an over-filled tank. This excess energy was then somehow channelled through the nervous system, and resulted in a physical symptom. As long as the memory remained unconscious, the symptom would continue. As to how this process actually worked, Freud and Breuer were vague. But it's clear they were harking back to an old model of the nervous system as a network of hollow tubes through which flows a 'life force' or 'spirit', giving life and movement to the body (ideas which were still very much alive at the time).

As each of Anna's symptoms was traced back to a primal memory, they ceased, and at the end of the treatment Breuer declared her cured of her hysteria. The case became enshrined in Freudian mythology as the first triumph of psychoanalysis. The only problem with this is that Anna O. had not really been cured.

Anna O.'s real name was Bertha Pappenheim, and in later life she became a famous social reformer. When her medical records were finally tracked down by a researcher in the early 1970s, they showed that, after her treatment by Breuer ended, she was sent to a sanatorium, still suffering from hallucinations and convulsions, and continued to be seriously ill for years afterwards. What she was actually suffering from it's now impossible to say, but meningitis, multiple sclerosis and temporal lobe epilepsy have all been suggested.

Reading through Breuer's case history, it's clear what was really happening. Most diseases go through periods of spontaneous remission when symptoms decrease or disappear. When the disappearance of one of Anna's symptoms coincided with her recovery of a particular memory, that memory was deemed to be the cause of it. This was a mistake which was destined to be repeated endlessly in psychoanalysis.

Despite the fact that Breuer failed to cure Anna O., he allowed his account of a supposedly successful treatment to be published in *Studies on Hysteria* (1895), alongside Freud's own first attempts at this new method. Among them was the case of 'Fraulein Elizabeth von R.', who came to Freud suffering from pains in her legs which made it difficult for her to walk. She presented a typically melancholy 19th century life history. Like Anna O., she had nursed her father through a long illness until he died, then looked after her mother after an eye operation, then watched her sister die. Freud, who was convinced her symptoms were hysterical, decided that they stemmed from her giving up a potential relationship with a young man to nurse her father. He also deduced that she had an unrequited love for her brother-in-law (the husband of the sister who had died.) He decided that the pains in different parts of her body could be traced back to different traumatic memories. The cause of the pain in her right thigh was easy to trace - that was where her father had rested his swollen leg when she changed his dressings - but he was initially puzzled by her other pains. Then he realised that, as Fraulein Elizabeth was undergoing her various traumatic

experiences, she was generally walking, standing or lying, which are, he notes, functions of "parts of the body which in her case comprised the painful zones, namely her legs". Having made this connection, Freud found it relatively easy to trace the events which caused her other pains, culminating in the moment when she was standing - standing, mind you - by her sister's death bed, and realised that her brother-in-law was now free to marry her. "So for a long time you had been in love with your brother-in-law," Freud put to Fraulein Elizabeth, with the air of a policeman nailing a suspect. She denied this vehemently, but he eventually convinced her it was true. He pronounced her cured.

Unfortunately, as Freud admits, the pains in her legs continued.

Reading this case history today, it's hard to say which is more ridiculous - Freud's absurd diagnosis of a patient who was quite possibly suffering from rheumatism, or the fact that someone with sore legs was seeing a psychotherapist at all. What it clearly shows - and this is something that has generally been forgotten about Freud - is that he began his career as a doctor treating physical illnesses.

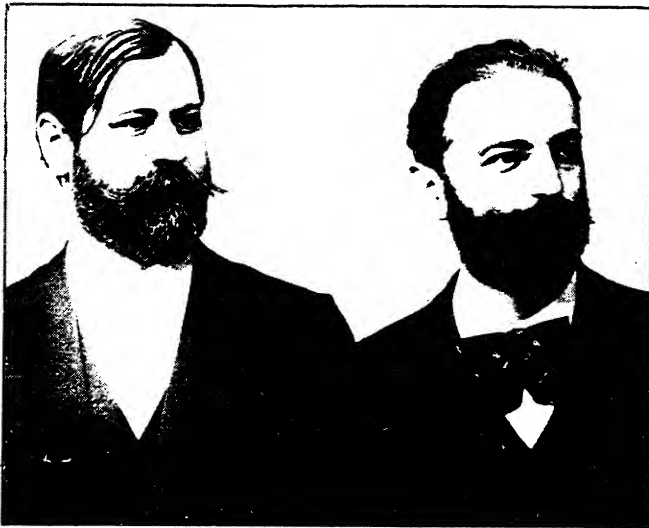
Soon after the publication of *Studies on Hysteria*, Freud broke with Breuer over the subject of sexuality. Freud had up to this point shown no particular interest in sex, but in a paper published in 1896, 'The Aetiology of Hysteria', he claimed that the problems of all 18 patients he was then treating could be traced to some aspect of their sexual life. Never one for intellectual half-measures, Freud now took it as given that repressed sexual ideas were responsible for *all* neuroses. The reason for Freud's sudden change of tack has been much debated, but Richard Webster, in his monumental (and succinctly titled) *Why Freud was Wrong* (1995) suggests it might be quite simple.

"In order to develop their own notion of cathartic therapy...Breuer and Freud found it necessary to delve into their patients' past experiences in order to identify the particular factors which had supposedly given rise to hysteria... Since they deliberately set out to find aspects of their patients' lives which were hidden, these premises led almost inevitably, in view of the degree of fear and reticence which surrounds sexuality in almost human society, to the conclusion that sexual factors were among the prime cause of hysteria."

Another factor in Freud's sudden interest in sexuality was the intellectual partnership he had begun with a charismatic doctor and pseudoscientist of the highest order named Wilhelm Fliess.

THE STRANGE SAGA OF FREUD AND FLIESS

Fliess was a nose and throat specialist two years younger than Freud, and the proud discoverer of the 'nasal reflex neurosis'. Having noticed that many of his patients seemed to exhibit a swelling of the mucous membranes in the nose, he associated this with a wide variety of symptoms including headaches, stomach pains and menstrual irregularities. The nose, he suggested, was connected in some unknown way with other parts of the body, particularly the genitals, and he noted that if the mucous membranes were anaesthetised with cocaine, the symptoms he associated with the 'nasal reflex neurosis'



Freud and Fliess. "...an inordinate interest in the state of each other's nose."

would subside. (Ironically Freud, in his earlier enthusiasm for cocaine, had missed the only medical use that the drug actually had - as a local anaesthetic.) If cocaine did not effect a cure, Fliess advocated an operation to remove the tiny, scroll-shaped turbinate bone from inside the nose. From his studies of menstruation, he also developed a complicated numerological theory which explained the life cycles of all living things, and indeed all events in the universe, in terms of the numbers 23 and 28.

Freud and Fliess conducted a correspondence which can only be described as intellectually passionate. Freud considered Fliess his equal and subscribed to all his theories (he even used the numerological theory to predict - wrongly - that he would die aged 51). Suffering from migraines and a variety of other ailments at the time, Freud himself was diagnosed as suffering from the nasal reflex neurosis, and Fliess may even have operated on his nose. Both men firmly believed they were on the verge of making discoveries which would change the world.

Freudian scholars are understandably embarrassed by Freud's relationship with Fliess, although even Ernest Jones, Freud's worshipping official biographer, permits himself a chuckle at how "an inordinate interest was taken on both sides in the state of each other's nose". It took one of Freud's more ingenious critics, E.M. Thornton, the author of *The Freudian Fallacy*, to grasp what was really going on here. Fliess, in devising his cocaine treatment for the nasal reflex neurosis, had not realised that cocaine applied to the mucous membranes of the nose enters the bloodstream almost immediately (which is why, of course, people snort the stuff). This is why the application of cocaine alleviated the symptoms Fliess identified with his neurosis. It also means that during these years Fliess (who also believed he suffered from it) and Freud spent much of their time coked off their brains. It's little wonder their ideas they came up with were increasingly grandiose.

THE SEDUCTION THEORY

We now come to one of the most interesting and misunderstood stages in the development of psychoanalysis. The view of this put forward in Freudian

mythology is neatly summarised by a feminist supporter of Freud, Juliet Mitchell, in *Psychoanalysis and Feminism*.

"Studying hysteria in the late eighties and nineties. Freud was stunned to hear women patients over and over again recount how, in their childhood, their fathers had seduced them. At first he gave an explanation in which the repressed memory of actual childhood incest was reawakened at puberty to produce the neurosis. He realised then that the whole thing was a phantasy... Freud found that the incest and seduction never in fact took place."

Freud's adoption and subsequent rejection of the so-called 'seduction theory' became a full-blown intellectual scandal with the publication of Jeffrey Mousaieff Masson's *The Assault on Truth* in 1982. Masson was a young Canadian trainee analyst who had charmed his way into the upper echelons of the psychoanalytical establishment. He had been appointed Projects Officer of the Sigmund Freud Archives, and here had gained access to Freud's letters to Fliess. These had survived, despite Freud's strenuous attempts to suppress them (he'd eventually had a bitter falling out with Fliess) and a selection of them had been published in 1950. Masson was interested in the letters which Freud's heirs, in particular his daughter Anna, had deemed unsuitable for publication. Many of these dealt with his discovery, announced in his 1896 paper, that the neuroses of his female patients were caused by sexual abuse as children, most commonly by their fathers. By the following year, Freud decided he had made a huge mistake, and the stories were fantasy.

Masson's interpretation of this about-face was that advocating the seduction theory meant Freud was accusing the fathers of his generally wealthy patients of child abuse, and that this would have put him on a collision course with the Viennese establishment and jeopardised his career. Freud, realising this, had therefore abandoned the theory. In an act of moral cowardice he had turned his back on the real sufferings of his women patients. The whole edifice of psychoanalysis was therefore built on a lie, and Masson was more than happy to bring it all down.

Masson's thesis looks persuasive at first glance. Its flaw is that, paradoxically, it gives Freud too much credit for psychological insight. For the female patients whom Freud was treating were not coming to him with stories of being abused as children. If they had, these memories could not, according to Freud's theory, be the cause of their illnesses - only *repressed* memories could be that.

What was really happening was that Freud, having decided that the seduction theory was true, then found evidence for it by reconstructing his patients' memories in his usual manner, analysing dreams and slips of the tongue and making fantastical word associations. When he finally presented his reconstructed scenes of seduction to his patients as real events, they inevitably rejected them. Freud makes this quite clear in 'The Aetiology of Hysteria'.

"Before they come for analysis the patients know nothing of these scenes. They are indignant as a rule if we warn them that such scenes are going to emerge. Only the strongest compulsion of the treatment can induce them to embark on a reproduction of them."

It is of course possible that some of the 18 patients Freud mentions were abused as children (despite the fact that they had no recollection of it). It is highly unlikely that they all were. The crucial point is that Freud, in his usual all-or-nothing way, went from believing that *all* his patients had been abused, to the certainty that *none* of them had. From this point on, psychoanalysts were conditioned to treat memories of physical abuse as fantasies. 'It's a development which can only have increased the misery of those victims of real childhood abuse unlucky enough to find themselves on a psychoanalyst's couch.

FREUD SEES HIS MOTHER NAKED ON A TRAIN

Abandoning the seduction theory left a big hole in Freud's system. How was he to account for all this fantasising about seduction? It was at this point that he began to develop the theory of infantile sexuality which would become the cornerstone of psychoanalysis. In doing so, he built on ideas put forward by Fliess, who was in turn influenced by the 'biogenetic law' formulated by a Darwinian scientist named Ernst Haeckel. And here is one of the most embarrassing skeletons in the Freudian closet.

Haeckel's law started from the observation that a human foetus, as it develops in the womb, appears to replay the evolution of the species. It starts out as a few cells and passes through stages where it looks like a fish then various other mammals before becoming recognisably human. During this time, he believed that the 'soul' (by which he meant what we would call the mind) was dormant. But once a child is born it replays the *sexual* evolution of the species. In the theory of infantile sexuality extrapolated from this by Freud, a child goes through 'oral', 'anal' and finally 'genital' stages which allegedly mimic, respectively, the reproduction via the mouth practiced by some primitive organisms, the anal or cloacal intercourse practised by birds and reptiles, and finally the genital sex of mammals. If a child develops normally, it passes through the oral and anal stages to reach the genital stage and achieve 'normal' sexuality. But if, for some reason, it becomes stalled at the oral or anal stages, it may become a fetishist or pervert or, if these impulses are repressed, a neurotic.

What all of this boils down to, to simplify (but only a little), is that today a person who keeps their house obsessively neat is labelled an 'anal personality' because birds have sex by rubbing their bums together.

The arrival at the genital stage is said to coincide with the onset of the Oedipus complex, probably Freud's best-known bit of business. He discovered it not through any observation of real children, but during the lengthy self-analysis he embarked on in 1867. This self-analysis is portrayed in psychoanalytical literature as an epochal event, the first time in history that the secrets of the unconscious were exposed to the light of day. Freud, whether it was due to cocaine addiction or not, was undoubtedly a sick man at this point, suffering from headaches, chest pains and periods of deep depression. By analysing his dreams and childhood memories, he attempted to discover why. The breakthrough came when he recalled a long train trip undertaken when he was very young, during which he and his mother, as he wrote to Fliess, "must have spent the night together and there must have been an opportunity of seeing her

'nudam'." (This incident is usually reduced in Freudian literature to the statement that "Freud saw his mother naked on a train", but it's clear that what he did here was reconstruct a repressed memory of his own, of an incident which may never have happened.)

The Oedipus complex is basically the idea that between the ages of three and five a boy develops a sexual attraction to his mother, becomes jealous of his father and, having noted that girls lack penises, fears his father will castrate him. In it, Freud found the reason for his own intense feelings towards his mother. Having discovered it in himself Freud, being Freud, immediately assumed that everyone suffers from it, and made it the centrepiece of the theory of infantile sexuality.

Despite Freud's airy assertions that the effects of the Oedipus complex may be clearly observed in children, it seems safe to say that, in the many empirical studies of children's behaviour undertaken over the years since Freud developed his theory, little if any evidence has come to light that young children want to have sex with anyone, their parents included. A human being's sexual development is governed by hormones (which Freud knew nothing about). A sudden increase in the production of these hormones is what triggers puberty, but they are produced in such low levels in young children it is difficult to see how they could be 'sexual' in any real sense.

There is so little evidence for the theory of infantile sexuality that these days few psychoanalysts accept it in the form put forward by Freud. But Freud considered it the breakthrough he had been looking for throughout his career, and rightly so. By 1905, when he first elaborated the theory in *Three Essays on Sexuality*, he had already gathered a group of Viennese medical men who met regularly to discuss his ideas, who became the basis for the first Psychoanalytic Society in 1908. Freud was on his way to fame and respectability.

Why was the theory of infantile sexuality so successful? For a start, unlike the seduction theory,



The original couch

which applied only to individuals who had suffered sexual abuse, it was a universal theory which could be applied to everyone. It is, at first glance, a radical theory, but Richard Webster notes the similarities between Freud's concept of the unconscious mind, seething with repressed guilt from the Oedipus complex, or perverse thoughts about oral and anal sexuality, and the Christian concept of children being born in a state of original sin. Freud is often portrayed as a great liberator of sexuality, and it is true that some of his comments on, say, homosexuality were liberal by the standards of his day. But it must be remembered that Freud's concept of normal sexuality was an extremely narrow one. Any practice or desire which veered from your basic missionary position sex was a throwback to animal sexuality which it was the job of psychoanalysts to cure.

It's often been noted that the psychoanalytic movement which Freud founded quickly took on the form of a church, with Freud at its head, issuing papal statements on doctrine, and a priesthood of psychoanalysts who were ordained by being analysed by Freud himself or someone who had been analysed by him. Whenever anyone strayed from the rigorous laws laid down by Freud - usually by questioning the all-important theory of infantile sexuality - they were branded as heretics and expelled from the movement (as Jung was in 1925).

If taking up Freud's ideas was like embracing a new religion, there was another, simpler reason for their success. Freud developed a system of thought virtually unique in the way that it turns any attacks on it back on the attacker. From the beginning, Freud characterised critics of his theories as themselves repressed individuals, unable to face the awful truths about the unconscious. A wonderful example of Freud's imperviousness to criticism can be found in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900), one of his most influential books. Freud begins his study with the analysis of a long, convoluted dream of his own which he decides is, despite first appearances, an example of wish fulfilment. He immediately decides this is what *all* dreams represent. It's a view which his own patients find difficult to believe. They recount to him dreams which seem to be the very opposite of wish fulfilment, but he is always able to analyse them in such a way as to make them conform to his theory. Finally a female patient recalls a dream in which she has to spend the summer with her mother-in-law, whom she despises. How can this represent wish fulfilment? Freud is initially stumped, but then he realises that his patient wishes to prove him wrong about the nature of dreams, and in having this dream, she is getting what she wanted. So the dream, you see, was wish fulfilment after all.

While Freud had now moved from the treatment of physical illnesses to what we think of as 'mental' ones, depression, phobias, obsessions and the like, one thing remained constant - the complete inability of therapies based on his theories to cure anyone. It's worth looking at one more case history to see the mature Freud in action - the story of the evocatively named 'Wolf Man'.

OF WOLVES AND WHITE UNDERWEAR

The case of the Wolf Man is called in the introduction to the current Penguin edition "the most elaborate and no doubt the most important of all Freud's case histories". Not, unfortunately, a case of lycanthropy (now that would have been good). The Wolf Man was a Russian



Sergei Pankieff, the Wolf Man

aristocrat named Sergei Pankieff, and he was undoubtedly the most interesting person Freud ever treated.

He was born in 1887 into a family of wealthy landowners with a history of depression and suicide. Sergei seemed to be a healthy enough young man, but when he was 18, a bout of gonorrhoea, followed by the suicide of his sister, plunged him into a deep depression. In 1908, while being treated in a sanatorium in Munich, he met and fell in love with a nurse named Therese who was some years older than him, divorced and had a daughter. They embarked on a passionate, on again, off again affair, with marriage between them vehemently opposed by Sergei's family, friends and doctors.

At the suggestion of his doctor, Sergei travelled to Vienna in 1910 to meet Freud. His major symptoms at the time were a feeling that he was separated from the world by a 'veil', and a really terrible case of constipation which could only be relieved by enemas. For the next four years, Sergei lay on Freud's couch for an hour every day except Sundays.

Freud found the key to Sergei's problems in a dream he remembered having around the age of four. Awakening suddenly in the middle of the night, he saw his bedroom window open. On the branches of the tree outside sat six or seven white wolves which stared at him silently. Terrified of being attacked by them, he screamed and woke up.

Freud read into this dream the disguised memory of Sergei seeing, at the age of one and a half, his parents having sex, with the whiteness of the wolves represented the white underwear his parents were wearing. In the elaborate 'primal scene' he reconstructed, Sergei was sleeping in a cot in his parents' bedroom when he woke to see his father take his mother from behind, three times, with his father upright and his mother bent over. The scene ended when the little boy "passed a stool as a sign of his sexual excitement". According to Freud's extraordinarily convoluted analysis of the effects of this event, Sergei at the time craved sexual satisfaction from his father and therefore identified with his mother in the

primal scene. His defecating Freud interprets as producing a gift for his father, noting "I believe there can be no difficulty in substantiating the statement that infants only soil with their excrement people whom they know and love; they do not consider strangers worthy of this distinction." (!) Later, in repressing these homosexual urges, Sergei developed a childhood phobia about wolves whom, via fairy tales, he had come to identify with his father. It was this repression which, years later, caused his constipation. Meanwhile, the fact that he had seen his mother bent over led to a sexual attraction to servant girls whom he would often see in this posture, scrubbing floors and so on, and this accounted for his falling in love with the nurse Therese.

Freud conceded that the primal scene may never have happened, but went on to suggest that such a scene exists in everyone's mind as a sort of Jungian archetype which we're born with. But if the primal scene with its particular details - such as the mother being bent over - never took place, Freud's analysis falls apart.

The Wolf Man's first period of analysis ended days before the outbreak of World War I. He underwent a further six months of treatment after the war to clear up some 'nonanalysed residues', then Freud discharged him, declaring him to be cured. The case was considered one of Freud's triumphs.

In 1973, an Austrian journalist named Karin Obholzer tracked down the Wolf Man, who was then living in obscurity in Vienna. In a fascinating book, *The Wolf-Man, 60 Years Later*, she records their conversations. The Wolf Man's life had indeed been a tragic one. He had lost his fortune after the Russian Revolution and, although he had eventually married Therese, she had committed suicide in 1938. Far from being cured, his mental state had continued to be much the same after Freud had discharged him. He had spent virtually his

whole life in analysis (what Noel Coward called "years and years of expensive humiliation"), and, at eighty six, was still seeing therapists. Looking back on his time with Freud, he didn't think much of the latter's analysis of his problems, noting that, when a child, his cot had been in his nanny's room, not his parents', so the primal scene could not have happened as Freud described it.

"In my story, what was explained by dreams? Nothing, as far as I can see. Freud traces everything back to the primal scene which he derives from the dream. But that scene does not occur in the dream. When he interprets the white wolves as nightshirts or something like that, for example, linen sheets or clothes, that's somehow farfetched, I think. That scene in the dream where the windows open and so on and the wolves are sitting there, and his interpretation, I don't know, those things are miles apart."

WHY PICK ON FREUD?

Freud's stocks have certainly fallen in recent years, with his more vehement critics dismissing psychoanalysis as a pseudoscience. Analysts of the classic school are a dying breed, and these days Americans are more likely to pop a Prozac than head for a shrink, but the legacy of Freud lives on. The sloppiness of his thought and his cavalier interpretations of symbolism have pervaded every branch of the humanities from anthropology to art criticism. By focusing on early childhood, and arguing that we can be traumatised and damaged by events we don't even remember, he has created a whole industry catering to victims (all the hysteria about 'recovered memories' can be directly traced back to his methods). The ultimate irony is that Freud, who set out to cure sickness, ended up creating brand new categories of it.

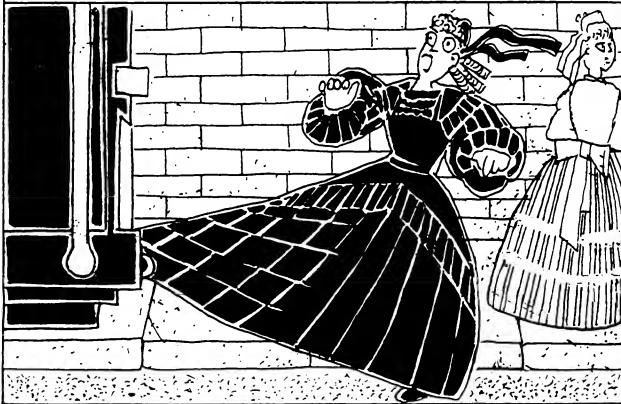
THE FRONT AND BACK COVERS OF THIS ISSUE...

...feature photos by the great British photographer, Royce. They're taken from his autobiography, *Nude Ego* (Hutchinson, 1955). The front cover shows Royce's model, Anne, with the Mitchell-Hedges Crystal Skull, named after the British explorer, adventurer and teller of tall tales, F.A. Mitchell-Hedges, who used to own it. Mitchell-Hedges never revealed how he had come into possession of the skull, which is carved from a single block of crystal, although he hinted that it was found on a trip to South America (the truth seems to be that he bought it at an auction in London in 1943). He dubbed it 'the sinister skull of doom' and claimed it was at least 3,600 years old and had once belonged to Mayan priests who used its evil powers to will men's deaths. The true origin of the skull, which many today believe is indeed a focus for paranormal events, remains a mystery. Royce saw it in Mitchell-Hedges's home, Farley Castle in Buckinghamshire, in 1954. "As I gazed on this strange, cold, perfect shape" he writes, "I found myself thinking of Anne. In some subtle way this warm exotic showgirl from the Eve Club seemed to claim an affinity with the Skull."

The rather startling image on the back cover began as a publicity stunt conceived by William J. Brittain, the editor of the *North London Recorder*, in which it was published on 12 August 1938, at a time when the British public were much concerned about an imminent war involving gas attacks. Brittain wanted something that would "keep the newspaper boys running back to the printers for extra copies." It's not a photomontage - Royce had his model, Lya, affixed to a real wooden cross which had been erected at the back of a cinema. As can be seen, the photo had the enthusiastic endorsement of several 'North London men of God', and was, Royce notes, "commented on in newspapers all over the world".

THE REMARKABLE MOLLIE FANCHER

IN 1866, 18-YEAR-OLD MOLLIE FANCHER OF BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, WAS STEPPING FROM A TRAM WHEN HER DRESS BECAME CAUGHT. SHE WAS DRAGGED BEHIND IT FOR YARDS.

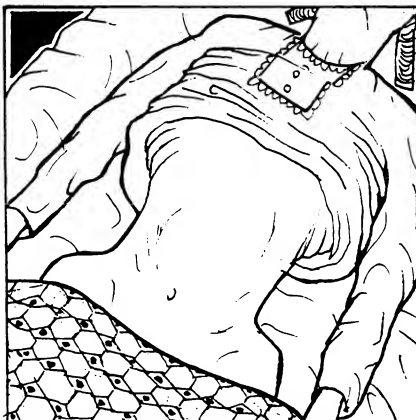


WHEN SHE CAME TO SHE WAS BLIND AND HER LEGS WERE PARALYSED

SHE WAS CONFINED TO HER BED - WHERE SHE WOULD REMAIN FOR THE NEXT THIRTY YEARS.



EVEN BEFORE HER ACCIDENT, MOLLIE'S STOMACH WAS SAID TO HAVE REJECTED MOST KINDS OF FOOD. NOW SHE COULD KEEP NOTHING DOWN.



SHE LOST SO MUCH WEIGHT THAT HER STOMACH COLLAPSED. HER SPINAL COLUMN COULD BE FELT THROUGH IT.

INDEED, FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE, SHE WAS SAID TO HAVE LIVED ON LITTLE MORE THAN WATER AND FRUIT JUICE. WHEN ASKED ABOUT THIS MYSTERY, SHE REPLIED:

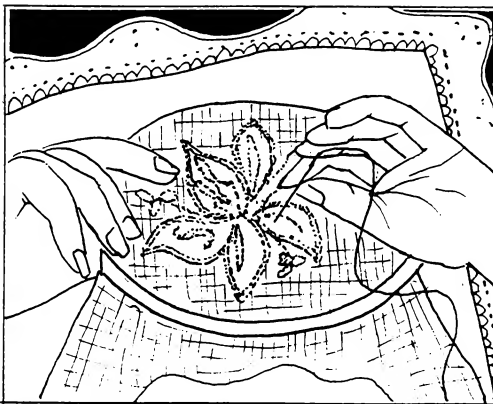


SHE WAS COMPLETELY IMMOBILE, HER PARALYSED LEGS DRAWN BACK UNDERNEATH HER.



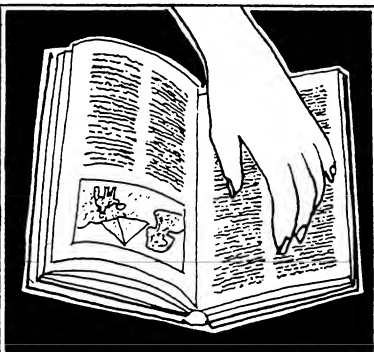
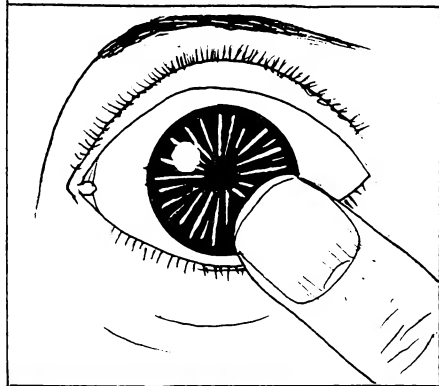
SHE WENT THROUGH A PERIOD OF SPECTACULAR CONVULSIONS. HER BODY WOULD CONTRACT INTO A BALL, THEN LEAP FORWARD LIKE AN ARROW. IT TOOK SEVEN PEOPLE TO HOLD HER DOWN TO PREVENT HER INJURING HERSELF FURTHER.

SHE WENT INTO A TRANCE LASTING NINE YEARS. DURING THIS TIME HER RIGHT ARM WAS PARALYSED - FIXED RIGIDLY BEHIND HER HEAD..



MOLLIE KEPT ACTIVE THOUGHT. LIFTING HER LEFT HAND TO MEET HER RIGHT, SHE COULD SEW, MAKE FLOWERS AND WRITE LETTERS.

HER APPARENT BLINDNESS CONTINUED. HER EYES WERE OPEN CONSTANTLY AND QUITE DRY, THE PUPILS DILATED. THEY COULD BE TOUCHED WITHOUT PRODUCING ANY REACTION.



BUT MOLLIE, IT SEEMS, HAD OTHER WAYS OF SEEING. IT WAS SAID THAT SHE COULD READ BOOKS BY PASSING HER HANDS OVER THE PAGES - IN DARKNESS AS WELL AS IN LIGHT...

... COULD TELL COLOURS BY TOUCH... COULD READ LETTERS STILL SEALED IN THEIR ENVELOPES.



TALES OF MOLLIE'S PSYCHIC POWERS MULTIPLIED. SHE COULD SEE PEOPLE ON THEIR WAY TO VISIT HER. WITH HER BODY TRAPPED IN BED, HER MIND COULD WANDER THROUGH THE CITY.

SHE NEVER SLEPT. AT NIGHT SHE SAW HER DEAD RELATIVES AROUND HER BED.



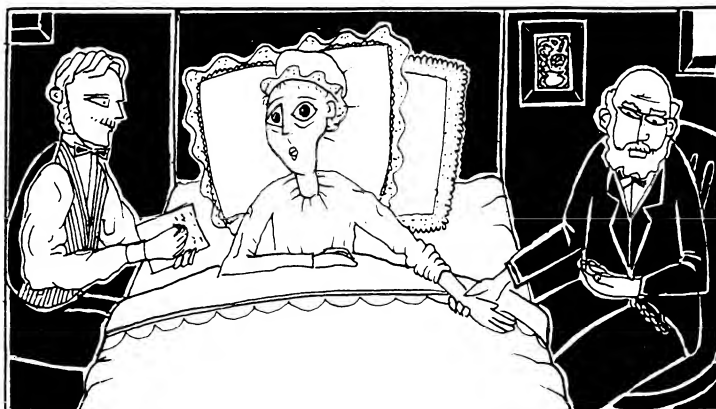
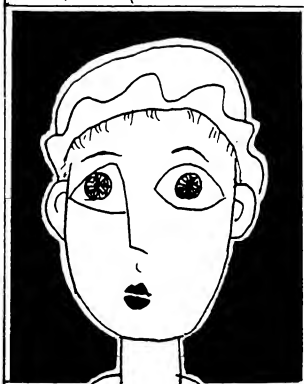
MY VISION IS NOT ALWAYS THE SAME. SOMETIMES THE WHOLE TOP OF MY HEAD SEEMS ON FIRE WITH THE INFUX OF LIGHT. MY RANGE OF VISION IS VERY GREAT AND MY SIGHT ASTONISHINGLY CLEAR. SOMETIMES I CAN SEE ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE.



AT NIGHT HER MIND FRAGMENTED INTO ANOTHER FOUR PERSONALITIES. ALL OF THEM WERE QUITE INTERESTED IN - AND JEALOUS OF - THE REAL MOLLIE.

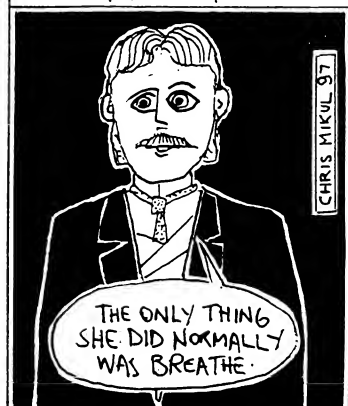


WHEN A PERSONALITY WHO WAS SIX YEARS OLD TOOK OVER, HER FACE REVERTED TO THAT OF A LITTLE GIRL.



MANY DOCTORS CAME TO OBSERVE THE 'BROOKLYN ENIGMA', AS MOLLIE WAS KNOWN, OVER THE YEARS, BUT NONE EVER DETECTED IN HER ANY SORT OF TRICKERY, AND NONE OF THEM EVER SAW HER EAT.

IN A REPORT ON HER CASE, ONE OF THESE DOCTORS PROVIDED HER WITH AN EPITAPH.



A Conversation With Sir Wayne

It's the photos that hit you as you enter Sir Wayne Martin's Darlinghurst flat. There's Wayne whooping it up in nightclubs in the '60s with the likes of Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr, and Tom Jones. There's a signed photo from the Beatles, in their collarless suit days. There's Wayne, looking sharp as a razor, among strippers, musicians and entertainers of all kinds, or on a boat in Sydney harbour, starkers, flanked by twenty-odd bikini-clad girls, and with the biggest grin on his face you've ever seen in your life.

"Truly," Sir Wayne tells me, "all we used to like in those days was having fun. Having a laugh and a good time." At this point the phone rings. It's a girl who wants to know what he's up to tonight. It's Good Friday, so it's going to be a fairly quiet one, but there should still be some clubs open later on. Why doesn't she come up?

So who is Sir Wayne Martin? Why was he having such a good time back then? And why, aged 67, is he *still* having a good time today?

To answer these important questions, we must go back to a time before Sydney's infamous red light district of Kings Cross became the evil-smelling, junkie-infested, vomit-stained, fast-food spewing, crime-ridden, characterless shithole it is today. Back to the days when people flocked to 'the glittering mile' to soak up its Bohemian atmosphere, gawp at its host of colourful characters, or take in the international acts which played its swanky nightclubs. When drunken young men worried about whether they would be let into a strip club without a tie, and strippers kept their G-strings on. And when the classiest, best-known striptease club in Australia was the Pink Pussycat, ably run by Last Card Louie and Wayne Martin.

"Inside the club at night time, the pink plaster discs on the ceiling blink as the spotlight plays on and off the girls doing their strip acts on the catwalk. Music from a record player in a curtained corner of the room blares out and then stops abruptly at appropriate times to give effect to the various performances, while the audiences - usually all male - view with satisfaction, excitement and perhaps other more doubtful emotions the creamy or tanned bodies, the smooth mounds of the breasts and the gleaming bare buttocks of the strippers."

From *The Pink Pussycat* by Lee Meredith (1972)

Wayne Martin was born in New Zealand in 1930, and grew up in an orphanage. At 16 he ran away from it and stowed away on a ship bound for Sydney. Within a week of his arrival he had met another young man named Louie Benedetto whose mother had a little Italian

restaurant in Kings Cross. He washed dishes in the restaurant and worked with Louie at the markets. In the early '50s, Kings Cross kingpin Abe Saffron hired Louie and Wayne to run a coffee lounge in the basement of a hotel he owned at 44 Macleay St. After that, Wayne worked as a chauffeur for promoter Lee Gordon, driving around the visiting stars such as Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis, Betty Hutton and Bob Hope that Gordon brought out.

On a trip to the States, Wayne saw strippers in action, and came back with a proposition for Abe Saffron.

" 'What about strippers?' He says, 'Oh, you can't do that in Sydney.' I said, 'Well, there's no law. I've spoken to a solicitor and there's no law about it.' So anyway he says, 'Oh well, we'll give it a try.' And Abe had a coffee lounge type place down in Orwell St and we opened up a club there called the Staccato, and he put me and Louie in charge of that. That went alright and then we got this property above the top of William St, above the Hasty Tasty, on the second floor, and decided to turn it into a place that we saw in Los Angeles, the Pink Pussycat."

An eye-catching pink on the outside, silver wallpapered on the inside, the Pussycat was a huge success. In its heyday around eight strippers performed three shows a night, each girl performing for about eight minutes to a selection of records. Among its more celebrated performers were 'Jeddah', an Aboriginal girl who came out with a boomerang and removed her kangaroo-skin outfit to the strains of the then popular novelty hit 'My Boomerang Won't Come Back'; Princess Aloha, who performed to Hawaiian music; and Sandy Nelson, famous for her 40-inch bust, who made headlines in 1964 when she spent a Sunday afternoon strolling around Sydney in a topless dress.

"They used to queue up outside to get in," recalls Wayne. "A quid it cost. And then at the end of the show you put on the lights and me and Louie to get rid of the people used to say the next show will be half an hour and the place would empty, because we had people waiting to get it. Otherwise they'd just stay there and perve all night."

"To every girl we used to say, what we want you to do is striptease but we want you to reverse the word - tease while you're stripping. You know, just don't go there and get all your gear off. Tease 'em. You'll find nowadays they come out with nothing on." A policewoman with a ruler made regular appearances to ensure that G-strings were of the regulation width.

Wayne's determination to present the Pussycat's customers with a quality show led to the foundation of Australia's first School of Stripping. It was all a bit of a gimmick, he admits today, but it made for great publicity.

"'Most women,' said Wayne Martin philosophically, 'just don't know how to undress.'

Being a quiet-living bachelor myself, I wasn't prepared to argue with him. Certainly not on professional grounds, anyway.

For Wayne runs the Staccato School of Stripping in Sydney's Kings Cross.

He is, in fact, one of the few men in Australia outside a doctor's surgery who can tell a girl to take her clothes off without getting a slap in the mouth for his trouble.

His school offers courses in such fascinating subjects as 'Methodology of Teasing and Tantalising'.

'Stripping is a creative form of dancing; it's an art,' said Wayne. 'There's a lot more to it than just throwing clothes everywhere.'

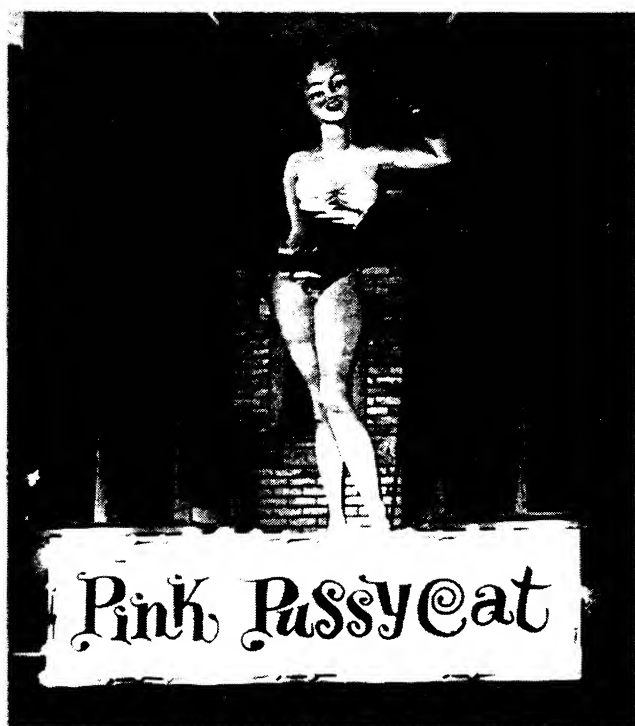
Everybody's magazine, 21 April 1965.

"This was a hot club," writes Australian rocker Billy Thorpe, describing his first visit to the Pink Pussycat and meeting Sir Wayne in his rollicking memoir *Sex, Thugs and Rock'n'Roll, A Year in Kings Cross 1963-1964*. "The girls were class, the drinks were thick and the vibe was definitely happening..." The Pussycat's clientele

included English lords and visiting cricket teams, servicemen on leave and young country boys on their first trip to the big smoke. "I remember one night a police sergeant come up," says Sir Wayne. "He said, 'G'day, how are you? I got three guys down in the car. Is it alright, they haven't got ties on?' We said, 'That's alright, we'll sit 'em over the side there, in the back.' These fellers come up in black suits with no ties on. They were sitting there. We said would they like coffee and a sandwich? 'Just a coffee thanks'. And the sergeant come over, said 'What about that?' I said 'Who are they?' He says, 'They're priests out with the Pope.' They left their collars down in his car. He said, 'Don't say anything.' 'Oh, no, we won't say anything.'"

To find the Pink Pussy Cat you climb up a steep and narrow staircase, It is not the kind of marble and gilt facade traditional in nightclub-land. It is rather more like visiting someone on the third floor back in a doubtful apartment house. Even in the faint glare of a 60-watt globe, the walls at the side of the steps are frowsy and grease marked. Halfway to the top, on a small landing, there is a knot of unidentified, slick-haired, blue-chinned men gossiping, laughing, smoking, picking their teeth.





From one of them (who turns out to be 'Last Card Louie', the manager) you get an admission ticket for £1. You also get a "souvenir card", a pink-printed bit of pasteboard certifying that you have been "duly admitted to the inner sanctum of The Pussy Cat and appointed an honorary Tom Cat of King's Cross." Visitors from the country or more sedate suburbs may treasure it as visible proof of their sophistication.

From *Life at The Cross* by Kenneth Slessor and Robert Walker (1965).

Last Card Louie and Wayne ran a tight ship at the Pussycat. When a drunken buck's party caused havoc early on, Louie decided to ban any groups larger than four, and the fights stopped. They developed strategies for dealing with potentially unruly visitors. "We would just have a small guy on the door, because we found out every time we had a big feller two or three guys would come along and say, 'Go on, Billy, you can have him. Call him a cunt, we'll fucking biff him.' We always used to have a little guy and just near the door was a button. 'If any guys give you trouble just lean back by the door and press the button a couple of times.' That would go off upstairs. We would just go, 'Helmut, your wife's on the phone! Quick, hurry up!' 'Oh, excuse me.' So now there's no-one to abuse."

"Whenever people used to scream out we'd send the waitress down and then if the waitress couldn't quieten them down we'd go down and we'd get a couple of friends we knew in the audience and they in their suits would stand up at the back with their arms crossed and we'd go, 'Listen the vice squad are up the back. They'll pinch ya for indecent language.' 'Where?' 'There. We'll come and tell you when they're gone.' 'Oh, sorry, mate. Hey, Billy, the coppers are here. Don't yell out!'"

Speaking of his old mate and partner Louie, Wayne says "Not a soul could say anything against him. I remember before each night we'd get to the club at seven o'clock and open it up. And the doorman and the two guys who worked for us would see that the restaurant was set up

and the waitress would arrive, and then Louie and I would go for a walk through the Cross. And I remember Louis, every night he'd say, 'Just a minute' and he used to get about ten pound notes and roll 'em up into little balls and put them in his pocket. And the guys would come up, 'Hello, Louie, how are you?' And shake their hand. 'Oh, thanks, mate.' Louie would say, 'There's another, I'll just shake his hand.'

"In those days we used to walk past every shop. 'Hello, Louie. Hello, Wayne.' 'How are you Pedro?' 'Come and try the salami.' 'Try this piece of cheese.' 'Here's a piece of fruit.' 'I've got some people coming up from Wagga, never seen a strip show.' Louie would get out his thing and write 'Guests of Last Card and Wayne's.' In those days the Cross was so beautiful and nice and lovely." Crime was so rare he recalls he could park his Austin car outside the Pussycat at the beginning of an evening's shift, leave his jacket in the back seat with the window down, and still find it there in the morning.

It seems that everyone had a nickname back then. "There was a guy called the Judge because everywhere he went he was always sitting on a box or a case. Then there was a guy called the Prince, beautiful, debonair looking guy, he had a restaurant. And then there was Two Story Ted, 'cause he was a cat burglar, he used to go up two stories when the people were in bed to rob. George the Fibber because, 'Are you fibbing again?' 'No, it's the truth.' Trick Tom because he had a hairpiece, they'd say 'That's a tricky piece.' " Last Card Louie was christened by the radio star Jack Davey, after he won the pot in a card game at the turn of the last card. And Wayne was known as Morals Martin, the legacy of a little incident involving three millionaires, two girls, an apartment in Palm beach and some police outside with a ladder. The newspaper headline read 'Four Men on Morals Charges' and Morals Martin it was.

In 1972 the Pink Pussycat was gutted by fire - not an insurance job, just an unfortunate consequence of having 1,000 watt spotlights. Wayne and Louie rebuilt the club, but shortly afterwards the block it was in was bought up by Hong Kong businessmen. Louie went off to manage a clothing factory, got married and settled down (he died in 1990), while Wayne toured the world's nightclubs as a representative for Bally poker machines.

And it was at this point that Wayne's life takes a weird and wonderful turn. He'd been known as 'Sir Wayne' since the '60s, a reference to the cheeky way he addressed police as 'Sir', so it was really only fitting that was made a knight for real, and a papal knight no less.

It happened like this. Wayne was in London when he ran into Sir Edward Vellis, the London head of the Order of St John of Jerusalem.

"And he says to me, 'Listen, we're trying to raise money for Biafra in Africa and all that.' I says, 'Aw, yeah, I've got no money.' 'But you know Sinatra, Sammy Davis, blah blah blah.' I said, 'Aw, yeah, I'm going over the States.'

"Sinatra and Sammy were doing a show in England and they did an extra one and the money from that they donated x amount of it to the Knights of Malta. And then Ernest Borgnine from America he donated, they all went in together. Ted Vellis rang me and said, 'Listen, in Rome they are very happy. Would you like to become an

honorary member?' I said, 'What's it gonna cost me? He said, 'No, no, no, because of what you've done they could put you in as a Knight Grand Commander. Not high ranking within the order but, you do more good work for us, you'll get promoted, you'll get higher and higher till you become like him, Duke so and so.' I said 'What does it entail? He said, 'Oh, you get the robes and the badges and the ring and the medals and the sashes and your passport and you get a lovely diploma which you can hang on your wall.' I thought, oh well, it's the odds to nothing. I said 'Thanks very much.' "

Wayne shows me his medal and passport, and a scrapbook full of photos of his investiture in Rome, with him resplendent in a red robe, and a certificate signed by, of all people, Shirley Temple Black. Has the knighthood opened any doors, I ask. "Lots of people in Sydney call me Sir Wayne, but I don't harp on it."

These days Sir Wayne's life seems to have hardly slowed down at all. He still socialises at night, when he believes people are at their best, and has no shortage of girlfriends. "I'm 67 and I carry on like I'm 37 as far as I'm concerned. The point is I couldn't get aroused by a 55 or 60 year old woman, But the youngies, 25 on, they come up and they say, 'Shit, look at this'. He waves at all the photos. "All the girls. I say, 'What, you want me to put all boys up there?' Guys today say, 'Wayne, you go out and sheilas flock around you.' Do you know why? Doing the right thing. I've never hit a girl in my life, never abused a girl in my life. Whenever a



Wayne distributes diplomas to graduates of the School for Stripping

girl and I don't get on I say, 'Scuse me, I won't be a minute. I left something in the car. I'll be right back.' I just get out and disappear. The point is I always left 'em sweet."

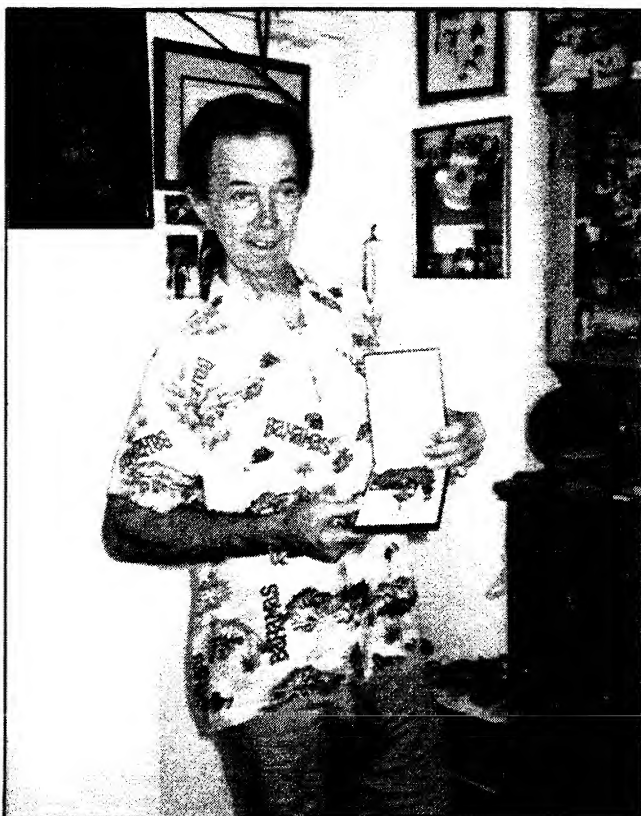
A couple of US warships happen to be docked in Sydney that weekend, and the Cross is once again swarming with white uniforms. Wayne is telling a story about being invited to have dinner on an American warship by its captain, whom he met as a lieutenant at the Pussycat years before, when he's interrupted by the arrival of Vanessa, the girl who phoned earlier. A blonde in her twenties, she sits on Wayne's couch as he continues his story. The captain tells him there's an admiral flying in in two days. "And he says can you get some girls for some of the officers? I said, 'Oh, it'll be a little bit hard, but I'll try my best.' "

"Oh, man," says Vanessa, "I had sex with an officer the other day."

"Shut up, Vanessa, we're recording," says Sir Wayne. "He's a reporter. About the old days in the Pussycat. So then they were at the Chevron, these two and five other officers. And I said, 'I couldn't get any girls.' 'Oh, you let us down.' And the girls were out there. They knocked. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine of them come in. He says, 'I told you about this guy. He knows more girls in this town than anyone!'"

Later I ask Vanessa what she thinks of Sir Wayne. "I tell you one thing about Wayne Martin is he will listen to you... He makes you feel comfortable and you can crash on his couch and shit like that. He won't sort of drag you into bed and say, 'You can't stay here unless you have sex with me.' He's been very good to me throughout the years."

It's getting late now. Sir Wayne has places to go, people to meet. So I take my leave of him and Vanessa and step out into modern day Kings Cross and get the hell out of there as fast as I can.



Sir Wayne today, with his knighthood

The White Ghost

by James Cockington

Just after returning from active duty in WW2, Ken Le Breton, a 21-year-old from Sydney's western suburbs, was bitten by the speedway bug. In those days motorcycle speedway racing was about as big as basketball is now. In Britain they had professional teams racing and the Test Match series between Australia and England was almost as big as The Ashes.

Le Breton became a regular spectator at the Sydney Sportsground after the war but like most of his mates he just wanted to be out there under the bright lights.

Easier said than done.

He bought a second-hand speedway bike, practised a bit, but every time he fronted up at the track he was told to wait until a vacancy appeared.

Waiting wasn't Le Breton's style. He decided he needed a gimmick.

He noticed that every speedway racer out there was dressed in regulation black leathers. The next time he fronted at the speedway office he had painted his bike, helmet, leathers and boots white.

"You want a White Ghost?" he asked. "I'm your man."

This Wrestlemania approach to speedway worked but once he started racing he also proved he could ride. Ken Le Breton, the original White Ghost, soon became the man to watch in Australia. He went to Britain for the winter and signed up with the Glasgow Giants team.

In 1949 he was picked as a reserve for the Australian test team and scored a surprise heat race win against English world champ Tommy Prince. That same year, the kid in the white suit qualified for the World Final at Wembley Stadium.

Partly because of his movie star good looks (a little like that other famous guy in a white suit, John Travolta) Ken Le Breton became a genuine speedway superstar.

It all ended in 1951. He was a natural choice for the Australian team for the annual series against Britain. During the second test at the Sydney Sportsground, he made what appeared to be a simple error of judgment and slammed headfirst into the wooden fence at maximum speed.

He died 24 hours later of massive head injuries.

Ken Le Breton was still only 26 years old. Some say that, had he lived, he would have become World Champion, probably more than once. But it was his personality that was missed most of all.

"Men like Le Breton do not die," read one tortured tribute. "Physically he is no longer with us. In spirit he will live forever."

Maybe that's true.

A while back I was researching a story for a magazine about undiscovered sporting memorabilia. I made some enquiries among the speedway old-timers but was told that most of the really good stuff had been scrapped years ago. Still, they said they'd ask around for me. Then I got the mystery phone call.

I was having a nap at the time which made it all seem more spooky than it probably was. It was an old guy who asked me if I knew who Ken Le Breton was. I said I knew the name but not much else. Wasn't he the White Ghost?

The voice asked me if I'd be interested in looking at an old pair of leathers he had in his garage. White leathers. The white bike as well.

Naturally, I said yes.

In speedway terms, this was as big a discovery as finding Don Bradman's cricket box in an op shop. The man on the phone gave me his name and number. Somewhere out Camden way. He said he was part of a famous family of speedway racers I'd heard of, and told me to call when I had time to come out and visit. I remember he sounded friendly but also guarded, as if I was the first person he'd spoken to about the contents of his garage.

I phoned back the next day.

A lady with a thick Middle Eastern accent told me I had the wrong number. I must have mis-dialled so I tried again. The same lady said she'd kill me if I bothered her again.

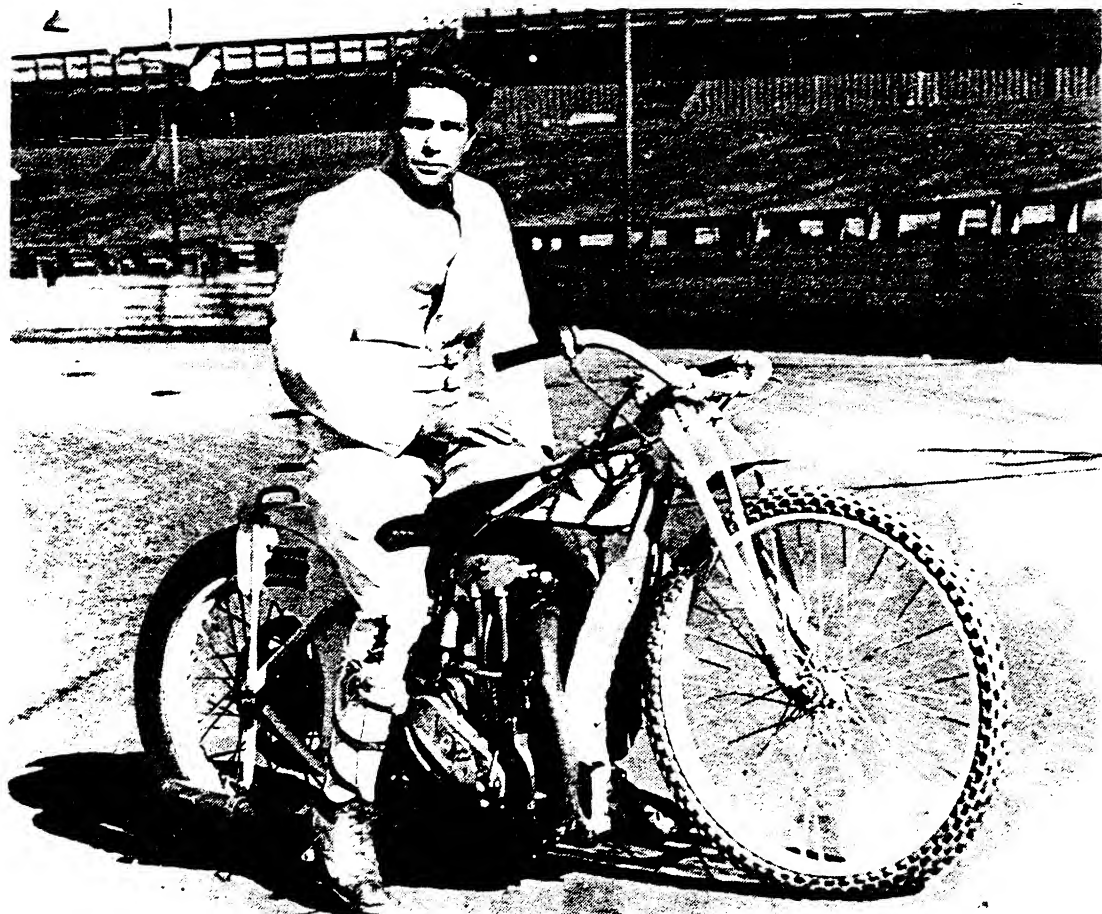
Directory assistance had no listing of anyone of that name in the area. Eventually I got in touch with a member of the famous family my mystery caller claimed to be related to. His supposed uncle had never heard of this alleged nephew of his. He hadn't heard of anyone who had Ken Le Breton's suit or bike in his garage either.

I found out there is a Speedway Historical Society but they had no knowledge of anyone who owned any Ken Le Breton memorabilia. It was becoming obvious the guy on the phone was a phoney.

This was suddenly becoming spooky. Why would anyone bother to start a hoax about the White Ghost? Why would they involve me?

I decided to wait and hope whoever it was would phone back. That was over a year ago.

Ken, if you're out there, give me a call.



CRAIG SHERGOLD'S CARD NIGHTMARE

Sometimes reality goes a bit sloppy.

In 1989 a 10-year-old British schoolboy named Craig Shergold was diagnosed with a potentially deadly brain tumour. While in hospital, Craig expressed the desire to beat the record for the greatest number of get well cards received by anyone (1,225,000 according to the *Guinness Book of Records*). His friends sent out letters asking the recipient to send a card to Craig, then pass the message on to ten others. By March 1990, Craig had received some four million cards and his parents requested that people stop sending them.

If only it were that simple.

The problem, of course, is that once a chain letter has been started, it's virtually impossible to stop. It's like a virus, constantly spreading to new areas, its details mutating like the message in a game of Chinese whispers. Somewhere along the line the appeal became one for business cards, and the letters now travel from office to office, crisscrossing the globe. I've seen four or five of them in the last few years, with Craig usually described as a seven year old with terminal cancer. In the two I've saved (one of which refers to Craig Sherwood) it's requested that cards be sent to the 'Make a Wish Foundation' in Atlanta, Georgia (although the addresses for it are different).

Craig's tumour was diagnosed as benign and removed years ago, but the cards keep coming. Even if they're incorrectly addressed the British Post Office knows where to send them, and in the early '90s they were arriving at Craig's house in Surrey at a rate of *a hundred thousand* a week. His mother Marion estimated that he had received around 60 million.

The Craig Shergold letters are the obverse of most chain letters, which promise the receiver material gains if they pass on the message (and usually dire consequences if they don't). They're also a variation on rumours which fly around such as the idea that if you collect enough of certain useless objects (e.g. ring-pulls from drink cans, or the little plastic tags used to fasten loaves of bread) they may be donated to hospitals and used to buy wheelchairs. When Craig letters arrive on the desks of bored office workers, they're a little opportunity to do some good. It's so easy to make copies and mail them off to ten of your fellow office workers (at your company's expense). Then you can sit back, basking in the knowledge that you have made the world a slightly better place.

It's not doing the trees any good though.



KELVER HARTLEY

The story of a recluse

It's a scenario which crops up in the media every year or so. A house is entered and the body of its former inhabitant found, he or she having died days, weeks, sometimes years previously. It's usually an elderly person, a recluse with little or no contact with others, no family to notice their disappearance from the world. Certain motifs recur in these stories. Sometimes a diary is found, its final entry pointing to the time of death. Sometimes the deceased is discovered sitting in front of a TV which is still, eerily, on. (This was how the comedian Benny Hill - increasingly reclusive and depressed after political correctness forced his programs off British TV - was found some years ago).

In the media's reporting of these stories, two subtexts are usually present. Firstly, the assumption that the behaviour of recluses is baffling, incomprehensible. How can any rational person choose to cut themselves off from society like this? Secondly, the fact that some considerable time may have elapsed before a body is discovered is taken as a sad reflection on the uncaring nature of modern society. Thus, the discovery of the two-year-old corpse of retired seaman Clement Williams in Sydney in 1995 (with the radio still on) led to calls from the NSW Premier for a register of elderly people who lived alone so that their well-being might be periodically checked, while a policeman was quoted as saying "I think it's a pretty sad indictment of our community that he hasn't got any relative or somebody to identify him, or report him missing."

I find both these notions curious. Since when are human beings so wholly admirable that someone's decision to be done with the whole lot of them can only be explained as crazy? And as for the length of time that may pass before a recluse's body is found, well, frankly I can't think of a more fitting way for a recluse to go.

Speculating about the psychology of recluses is always a risky business for the simple reason that once they have turned their backs on society, they rarely, if ever, return. If we are to make anything at all of their motivations, we must usually rely on with the things they have left behind.

On the afternoon of 29 February 1988, the landlord of a cheap boarding house in the Sydney suburb of Glebe broke into one of his rooms and found the body of its occupant, Kelter Hartley, who had obviously died some days previously. There had been little contact between Hartley and his fellow boarders, although it was rumoured that in a former life he had been a professor. Among the meager possessions found in his room were numerous unpublished manuscripts and a will. This showed that Hartley exemplified a particular, and particularly intriguing, species of recluse - the individual who lives in extreme poverty, yet has a fortune salted away. In Hartley's case this came to almost a million dollars in stocks and shares.

Kelter Hartley was born in Adelaide on 3 January 1909. He studied French at Sydney University, taught briefly in schools, and in 1933 was awarded a two-year scholarship at the Sorbonne. While in Paris, he wrote a thesis on Oscar Wilde and met Wilde's lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. He also dabbled in right-wing politics, and later claimed to have fought with the fascist group Action Francaise in street riots. (Hartley's often-voiced right-wing sympathies would later get him into trouble when, back in Australia, he briefly came under police surveillance during WWII.)

It must have been quite an anti-climax for Hartley, doctorate in hand, to return to Australia and go back to teaching in high schools. He had postings in Newcastle and various other places before becoming, in 1955, Senior Lecturer in French at Newcastle University College, which later became the University of Newcastle.

Hartley had by now acquired a reputation as a somewhat eccentric teacher. While the emphasis he placed on rote learning and the translation of great slabs of French made his lectures often less than exciting, they would occasionally be enlivened by reminiscences of his Paris days, impromptu demonstrations of fencing, or hints of his familiarity with the occult. Outside the classroom he was crippled by shyness, and did everything he could to avoid contact with other people, especially women. If a woman happened to pass him in a corridor he would flatten himself against the wall in an apparent attempt to dissolve into it. Yet, despite the forbidding exterior which he attempted to construct, he inspired in many of his colleagues and students great affection, as the essays in a memorial volume published after his death make clear. His private life however remained a complete mystery and rumours about him abounded. Some said that he earned money on the side writing sexy thrillers, others that he was acquainted with every prostitute in Kings Cross.

Hartley's particular corner of scholarship was comparatism, the painstaking tracing of sources and influences in literature. He had a fair few papers published in academic journals, but it's clear he never scaled the intellectual heights he had expected to. In 1968 he announced his retirement, making the odd request that his superannuation - some \$30,000 - be



paid in cash. Taking his money he walked out of the university and, with the exception of one former student whom he would meet twice yearly for a literary chat, he never saw any of his colleagues or students again. He had two goals in mind. The first was to become, of all things, a science fiction writer. The second was to invest his money and turn it into a fortune.

He didn't have much luck with his first goal, for it seems only one of the many science fiction stories he wrote was ever accepted for publication ('The Mallinson Case', which appeared in *Worlds of Tomorrow* no 24 in 1970). In his second goal he had far more success. Hartley lived frugally, ate little more than oranges, dressed in clothes bought from K-Mart and walked everywhere rather than spend money on public transport. Every available cent was poured into investments. His dream was to make a million dollars, to be donated to Newcastle University and spent on sending promising students to study in France, as he had in his youth. By 1987 he had achieved his goal, with the value of his share portfolio exceeding a million. Then came the October 1987 share crash, which wiped tens of thousands of dollars from the value of his shares. This last apparent failure was, it seems, too much for Hartley to bear. He swallowed a large quantity of barbiturates, washed them down with alcohol and died. Ironically, movements in the share market soon took the value of his investments over the million mark again. By 1994, when the Hartley Bequest program went into operation, they were worth two million.

Among the manuscripts found in Hartley's sparsely furnished room were two books. The first was a long philosophical tract called *Optimism*, which denounces the idea that all men are equal and advocates a society run by intellectuals. He was so convinced of the importance of this work that dates in it are expressed in terms of the half-life of radium so future civilisations could make sense of it, but Professor Kenneth Dutton, Hartley's successor at Newcastle

University, has called it "almost unreadable". The second was a novel called *Remus Leaping*. This has now been published (as *The Haunting of Dr McCuaig*) by the Hartley Bequest Program, and it's a fascinating book. It tells the story of a university professor in his late thirties named Ian McCuaig who becomes involved with a group of spiritualists, and falls in love with one of their number, a 19-year-old waif named Elinor. Elinor dies suddenly when, while acting as the medium in a seance, she is grabbed by one of the sitters. McCuaig then begins to hear voices in his head which threaten to drive him mad, until a nostalgic trip back to the country town where he grew up helps him regain his senses. McCuaig is obviously closely based on Hartley himself (although you have to laugh at his easy way with women - the book contains more than a few erotic passages - compared to Hartley's own abject terror of them). It's a densely written novel, bristling with obscure words ('incolumity', 'catercorner' and 'ugolinish' come at you in the course of two pages) and with some quite brilliant descriptive passages. At times it reads like a Victorian novel of ideas, so that the occasional reference reminding you that it's set in the '70s - when it was apparently written - can come as a surprise. It doesn't all quite hang together as a novel, and its arcane subject matter means it would probably never been published under normal circumstances, but that makes it all the more interesting to read it now. Hartley demonstrates an intimate knowledge of the world of spiritualists in his only novel, and one can only wonder what the experiences were that inspired him to write it.

The Hartley Bequest Program is promising to publish further volumes of 'Kelveriana', and in 1997 the first Hartley scholar left for Paris. Clearly Kelver Hartley, who by the end of his life had no regard for people in person, has in his own strange way done rather a lot for them.




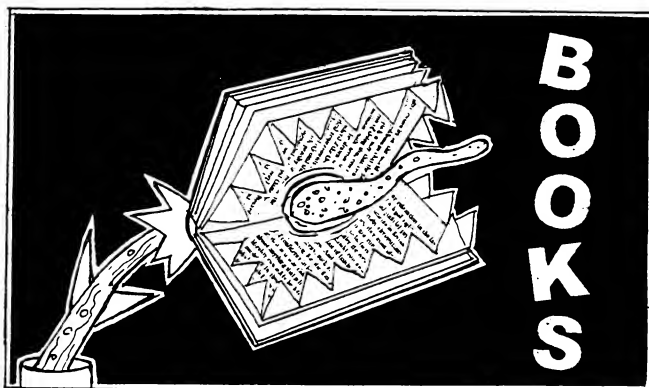
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***Daddy was the Black Dahlia Killer* by Janice Knowlton with Michael Newton (Pocket Books, 1995)**

In November 1997 a woman named Patricia Burgus was awarded \$US10.6 million in an out-of-court settlement of her claim that therapists at a Chicago hospital had implanted in her false memories of Satanic ritual abuse. She was one of a growing number of former psychotherapy patients who have come to disbelieve their 'recovered memories' of being abused as children and headed for the courts. While it spread to many countries, the craze for uncovering such memories was a predominately American one, so it's only fitting it be terminated in a typical American fashion - by litigation.

If we are indeed seeing the end of recovered memory hysteria, this incredible (in every sense) book will stand as one of its most remarkable products. It tells the story of Janice Knowlton, a public relations consultant and part-time singer who, as she approached her 50th birthday in the mid-1980s, began to suffer from depression. Following a hysterectomy she was prescribed massive doses of estrogen and antidepressants which only made her condition worse. In 1989 she began to see a psychotherapist named Jim Frey, who booked her into group therapy sessions for survivors of child abuse and incest, despite the fact that she had no such memories of her own. Within weeks she began to recover incidents involving her father, a sometime factory hand and milkman named George Frederick Knowlton. She remembered him beating and raping her repeatedly from an early age, at one stage making her pregnant, then killing the baby after it was born. But that was just the beginning. She had also witnessed him committing no less than eight other murders. And among his victims was Elizabeth Short, AKA the Black Dahlia, the young, raven-haired Hollywood wannabe whose gruesome murder (her body was found in a field, cut in half at the waist) was the sensation of 1947.

To the young Janice she was 'Aunt Betty'. She remembered being taken to stay at Short's flat. And she remembered watching as her father tortured, murdered and bisected her with a Skil saw. ("Jan hears the spinal column separate, a sound she will recall years later. *Bonk!* The top half of Beth's body wobbles off the bed and lands on its elbows, face down.") George took her along when he was disposing of the body too. "This is our little secret," she recalls him saying. "If you tell your mother any of this I'll kill you." He needn't have worried, for by this time Janice had mastered the tactic of 'going away' when anything traumatic happened to her. In one passage, it is suggested she could even forget an event *while it was still happening*.

The book is peppered with accounts of other unsolved murders of women in the California area dating from the '40s and '50s (perhaps inevitably, James Ellroy's mother is in there). Janice's co-author, Michael Newton, who has several true crime paperbacks under his belt, dishes it all up with an eye for cliches and portentous statements ("...there is truth in the African proverb that blood is heavy and the man who sheds it cannot run away.") Little attempt is made to find evidence

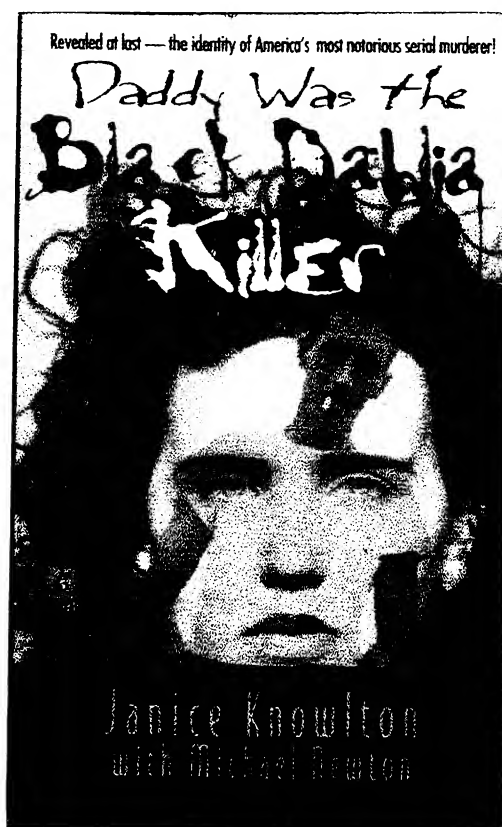
actually connecting George Knowlton with these murders. After all, if he was "America's most notorious serial murderer" as the book's cover states, it was probably him. As for evidence linking him to the Black Dahlia, about the best they can come up with is the fact that Elizabeth Short told people she knew someone named George.

When Janice takes her claims to the police, they are dismissed with a statement ending "I am sorry to report that the information you provided has not resulted in any connection between your father and this case." She and Newton rail against the LAPD for not giving them access to the Black Dahlia file, and suggest there is some sort of conspiracy to prevent the case being solved (though why the police would be protecting a nobody like George Knowlton is anyone's guess). They also ridicule other writers who have theorised about the case over the years. Only Janice knows the real truth about the Black Dahlia. And it's here that the book reaches a plateau of perversity all its own. For Janice remembers being abused not only by her father, but by Elizabeth Short as well!

Short, they claim, was involved in the child pornography business. She was a woman "alternately kind and cruel - a woman who could sit down with a nine-year-old and chat on equal terms, or turn around and sell that child to sweaty strangers for the money in their pockets". They drag up all sorts of decades old tabloid gossip about Short, such as the suggestion that she and Marilyn Monroe worked together as prostitutes, and had "definitely slept together". They quote police saying Elizabeth Short was a 'bum' who 'deserved it'. So much for some long-delayed justice for the Black Dahlia.

George Knowlton can't defend himself against his these allegations, having died in a car crash in 1962, along with his three-year-old son, Janice's half brother, whom he had been nursing through leukaemia (they can't even leave this alone and claim, on no evidence whatsoever, that it was a murder-suicide.) While George doesn't seem to have been the nicest guy around, none of his other children will corroborate Janice's lurid claims. One relative of a family friend was so enraged by them she wrote Janice a letter saying "You're just like your father!"

All in all, then, a rather sickening book, although the most sickening parts are not its detailed descriptions of murders, but the examples it gives of Janice's poetry.



I must say when I see a book with a title like *Jack the Ripper, the Final Chapter* my eyes glaze over a little bit. Most Ripper books (Donald Rumbelow's *Complete Jack the Ripper* is an honourable exception) follow a well-defined pattern: a suspect is unveiled and a mass of circumstantial evidence and speculation presented, but there's nothing that really makes you think "Holy ritualistically arranged entrails, it was *him*!" What Paul Feldman offers here is not a brand new suspect, but a vehement defence of the Jack the Ripper diary which came to light, amid much media hoo-ha, in late 1993.

The diary supposedly revealed the Ripper to have been James Maybrick, a Liverpool cotton merchant whose wife's trial for his murder caused a sensation in Victorian England. Florence Maybrick was charged with poisoning her husband but, given that his favourite pick-me-ups were regular doses of arsenic and strychnine, it's not surprising that most people believed her innocent. She was nevertheless found guilty and spent 15 years in prison. According to the diary (which was said to have been found beneath the floorboards of Maybrick's former house), his motive was insane jealousy, brought on by his discovery that Florence was having an affair.

Doubts were raised about the diary's authenticity even before its publication. It was reported that the handwriting in it did not match that on Maybrick's will, that tests had found ingredients in the ink which were not present in Victorian inks, and that another test had dated it to the 1920s. Most of the leading Ripper experts (or Ripperologists as we affectionately call them) dismissed the diary out of hand, so that its eventual appearance in book form was something of an anti-climax. Feldman, a film producer who set out to make a video about the diary, became convinced that it was genuine. He hired a team of investigators and spent what must have been an awful lot of time and money trying to prove that the diary's doubters, or 'cynics incorporated' as he derisively calls them, were wrong.

So, what's he come up with? Well, he's found an example of Maybrick's writing that seems to match the diary. He disputes the scientific tests. He shows that the diary, far from being the crude forgery it was labeled by its critics, contains a wealth of convincing detail and, if it was a forgery, whoever created it knew a great deal about James Maybrick. And he has traced a whole slew of illegitimate descendants of Maybrick who, while they have never suspected that Maybrick was the Ripper, agree there was some dark secret in the family's history, and seem perfectly willing - even eager - to be identified as the descendants of an illustrious serial killer.

Feldman also creates a provenance for the diary, something which was lacking before. It was first brought to the attention of the media by an unemployed Liverpool scrap merchant, Michael Barrett, who said it had been given to him, without explanation, by a drinking mate who had since died. According to Feldman, Barrett did not know that the real source of the diary was his wife Anne, whom Feldman claims is a descendant of Florence Maybrick. In an interview with Feldman, Anne Barrett's elderly father, who is also now dead, claimed he first saw the diary in the 1940s (but he never bothered to read it). Anne Barrett, hoping that her loser husband could make something of himself with the diary, arranged for it to be passed on to him.

Feldman's convinced he's gathered more than enough evidence to prove the diary is genuine. As much as I hate to rain on his parade, I can't agree. For a start, he maintains that some of Maybrick's contemporaries, including his brother, knew that Maybrick was the Ripper, while if the provenance of the diary as he gives it is correct, it must have passed through the hands of several Maybrick descendants over the years. Given this, and the atmosphere of fierce speculation which surrounds the Ripper case, I find it incomprehensible that there is no record of *anyone* linking Maybrick with the Ripper before

the diary surfaced. He fails to conclusively prove one of the main links in his chain of evidence - that Anne Barrett is descended from Florence Maybrick. And while there seems to be nothing which actually proves that Maybrick could not have written the diary, I can't really see anything in his character, slightly demented poison guzzler though he was, that suggests he had the pathological hatred of women exhibited by the Ripper. It must also be said that, despite the amount of solid research that Feldman and his team have undoubtedly done, he lets rip with some pretty wild speculation towards the end of the book.

And yet, and yet, there is something very odd about this whole story. One of Feldman's strongest arguments is that the diary contains information about the Ripper murders which did not become public knowledge until the late 1980s, yet all the scientific tests, even if they don't have the diary dating back to the 1890s, indicate that it is an old document. This seems to be a genuine mystery. And then there's the question of why a forger, setting out to create a Ripper diary, would bring James Maybrick into it at all. To pull this off you would have to be an expert on both the Ripper and Maybrick (knowing, for example, that Maybrick, who lived in Liverpool, might have been in London on the nights when the murders were committed).

Given that the diary contains much accurate information about Maybrick and his family, it's been suggested that it may have been created by a friend or relative of Florence Maybrick to help her cause. Whatever the truth of the matter, I doubt this is the final chapter in the saga of the 'Maybrick diary', let alone the saga of Jack the Ripper.

***4 Dada Suicides* (Atlas, 1996).**

***Becoming Modern* by Carolyn Burke (Farrar, Strauss Giroux (1996)**

Here are two books which shed new light on the life of Arthur Cravan, the legendary boxing poet (see *Bizarism 4*) whose mysterious disappearance, at the age of 31, in Mexico in 1918 capped off a brilliant life of public provocation and literary insurgence. *4 Dada Suicides* teams Cravan with three contemporaneous writers on the fringes of Dada whose lives followed similarly brief but incandescent trajectories: Jacques Rigaut, who glorified suicide and planned his own with



Arthur Cravan

meticulous care, shooting himself in the heart with the aid of a ruler to ensure he didn't miss; the remarkably nihilistic Julien Torma, whose disappearance in the Tyrolean mountains is as mysterious as Cravan's; and Jacques Vache, a protege of surrealist Andre Breton, whose death by opium overdose (with a friend) may or may not have been suicide. *4 Dada Suicides* examines their lives and reprints some of the literary fragments they left behind. The pieces by Cravan (the largest selection of his work published in English so far) include his infamous hoax interview with Oscar Wilde, conducted 13 years after its subject's death (Cravan was in real life Wilde's nephew, though he usually claimed to be his son) and some hilarious instructions on how to be an American. In an essay on Cravan, Roger Conover looks at some of the theories about his fate, including the claim that he was Dorian Hope, a shadowy figure who surfaced in the 1920s peddling fake Wilde manuscripts. It seems that Atlas are planning further Cravan reprints, including the first translation of his magazine *Maintenant*.

Becoming Modern is a meticulously researched biography of Cravan's wife, the unjustly neglected modernist poet and painter Mina Loy. She met Cravan in New York in 1917, and for the last year of his life they were virtually inseparable. Burke paints a vivid picture of the couple's final, poverty-stricken months in Mexico, where Cravan had fled to avoid the draft (joining a community of similarly-minded expatriates known among the locals as 'slackers!'). Their Mexican adventure came to an end when Loy, pregnant with Cravan's daughter, waved from a pier as Cravan set sail in a small boat, never to be seen again. (Although it should be noted that Burke here follows Loy's version of events - other sources have Loy leaving on a steamship with Cravan planning to follow but failing to.) Loy never recovered from the loss. Asked by a magazine years later what the happiest time of her life had been, she replied, "Every moment I spent with Arthur Cravan."

A Testament of Ability by Michael Cartwright (1996)

A Matter of Timing by Michael Cartwright (1997)

I'm indebted to James Cockington for passing on these two gems, the self-published autobiography of a 38-year-old ex-public servant who lives with his father in the Sydney suburb of Maroubra, and whose life gives new meaning to the words 'mundane' and 'uneventful'. *A Testament of Ability* takes us from his birth in 1959 up to 1992, chronicling his Catholic schooldays, his years spent filing in the Land Titles Office (until his sacking for poor performance), his attempts to find a girlfriend through dating agencies, the letters he writes to newspapers extolling the praises of late Australian rocker Johnny O'Keefe and, er, that's about it. In a prose style resembling the slow dripping of a tap, Cartwright (who, as a photo in one of the books shows, looks alarmingly like George from *Seinfeld*) faithfully records all the important details of his life, from the number of photos he took during his 1978 trip to Canberra (24), to the momentous day he bought his first Slim Dusty album.

All of this reads like a Frederick Forsythe thriller however compared to the second volume, which reprints his diary entries from November 1995 to October 1996. Cartwright's life now consists of little more than taking long walks. The entries begin to repeat themselves, sometimes almost word for word.

"On Friday 26 April I walked a few kilometres around the city. A very mild day for this time of year. I saw the movie Sgt Bilko. I have three or four letters to post to The Telegraph. I do not know if my life is boring or not.

Why is there not one park or entertainment venue named in the memory of The Wild One, Johnny O'Keefe?



Why is there not one park or entertainment venue named in the memory of The Wild One, Johnny O'Keefe?

How come there is no park or garden named in memory of The Wild One, Johnny O'Keefe?

How come there is no park or garden named in honour of The Wild One, the late, great Johnny O'Keefe?

On Saturday 27 April I walked a few kilometres around Maroubra. I still believe I am not doing enough exercise. I posted five letters to the Daily Telegraph. A sunny and mostly mild day. I need to get married hopefully next year.

On Sunday 28 April Jimmy Barnes turned 40. I walked a few kilometres around Maroubra. A windy day with scattered clouds. I have to lose more weight but I feel fine.

On Monday 29 April I walked several kilometres around Kensington and Maroubra. A mild and sunny day. I posted a letter to the Daily Telegraph. A fairly good sort of day. I am still sort of alone day and night. I have faith in myself. I actually keep myself going day to day."

A hint of drama emerges as Cartwright tells of his attraction to the nice girl who works in the chemist's. Will he have the courage to ask her out? Alas, no. But the book ends on a life-affirming note.

"I walked around Pagewood and Maroubra."

As agonisingly dull as all of this sounds, I have to say I found the whole thing quite mesmerising. Reading *A Matter of Timing* is like watching someone's mind turning in gradually decreasing circles, so that they appear to be literally disappearing before your eyes. The overall effect is quite unnerving.

There's no address printed in these books, so I don't know how you can get hold of them. Maybe just go to Maroubra and keep your eyes open for a balding, bespectacled guy walking around looking incredibly glum.



NOTES AND SOURCES

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MARY'S VOICE-BOX

'The man who talks to the Virgin Mary', *Sunday Telegraph*, 16/12/84. 'Apocalypse now, says the Pebble' by James Oram, *Sunday Telegraph*, 5/4/86. 'Prophet & Loss' by Susan Borham and Rosa Maiolo, *Sydney Morning Herald*, 24/12/93 (a particularly well-researched article which I have relied on for details of Kamm's early life). 'Sect Probe', *Herald Sun*, 9/7/97. 'A vision not so splendid', *Sunday Telegraph*, 17/8/97.

TALES OF THE HOLLOW EARTH

Subterranean Worlds by Walter Kafton-Minkel (Loompanics Unlimited 1989) is a magnificent exploration of the hollow earth idea in history, literature and folklore. *Eccentric Lives and Peculiar Notions* by John Michell (Thames & Hudson, 1984) has a chapter on Koresh. *Arktos, The Polar Myth* by Joscelyn Godwin (Phanes Press, 1993). *Can You Speak Venusian?* by Patrick Moore (Star Books, 1976). Excerpts from

Byrd's 'secret log' were reprinted in *Exposure* magazine, June-July 1996.

THE SICK WORLD OF SIGMUND FREUD

Psychoanalysis is one of most intriguing subjects I've ever researched, and I was lost in the world of Freud for months. It completely bugged the *Bizarism* publishing schedule. Guiding me through the psychoanalytical maze were some terrific books. *Why Freud Was Wrong* by Richard Webster (Fontana Press, 1996) remains thoroughly readable and scrupulously fair to Freud throughout its 800+ pages. Also useful were *The Freudian Fallacy* by E.M. Thornton (Paladin, 1986) and *The Decline and Fall of the Freudian Empire* by Hans Eysenck (Viking, 1985). *Freudian Fraud* by E. Fuller Torrey (HarperCollins, 1992) looks at the malign influence Freud has had on American culture. For an evocative account of the medical climate surrounding the development of Freud's theories, see *The Birth of Hysteria* by George Frederick Drinka (Simon & Schuster, 1984).

Although I think he's wrong about Freud and the Seduction Theory, Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson's books are well worth reading, particularly *The Assault on Truth* (Farrar Straus Giroux, 1982) and *Final Analysis* (HarperPerennial, 1991). *In the Freud Archives* by Janet Malcolm (Papermac, revised edition 1997) is an account of Masson's dust-up with the Freud establishment - and subsequent feud with Malcolm.

The Wolf-Man, 60 Years Later by Karin Obholzer (Continuum, 1982).

After I finished this article, I was intrigued to read (in the December 1997 issue of *Fortean Times*) of a paper written by Dr Michael Robinson demolishing Ernst Haeckel's 'biogenetic law'. Haeckel's drawings of the embryos of fish, cows, salamanders and human beings, showing how they all start out as the same simple shape, still appear in medical textbooks today. Robinson compared these drawings with photos of real embryos, and found that they look no more alike than do the fully grown versions. His findings are being disputed in Germany, where Haeckel is a scientific hero.

THE REMARKABLE MOLLIE FANCHER

My source was *The Physical Phenomena of Mysticism* by Father Herbert Thurston (Burns Oates, 1952). Thurston's main source, in turn, was *Mollie Fancher, the Brooklyn Enigma* by Judge Abraham Dailey, published in Brooklyn in 1894. Thurston, a Jesuit and a careful writer, went to some lengths to verify Dailey's account. This is such a fascinating case I am puzzled that no-one else seems to have written about it.

A CONVERSATION WITH SIR WAYNE

Interview conducted with Sir Wayne Martin on 28/3/97.

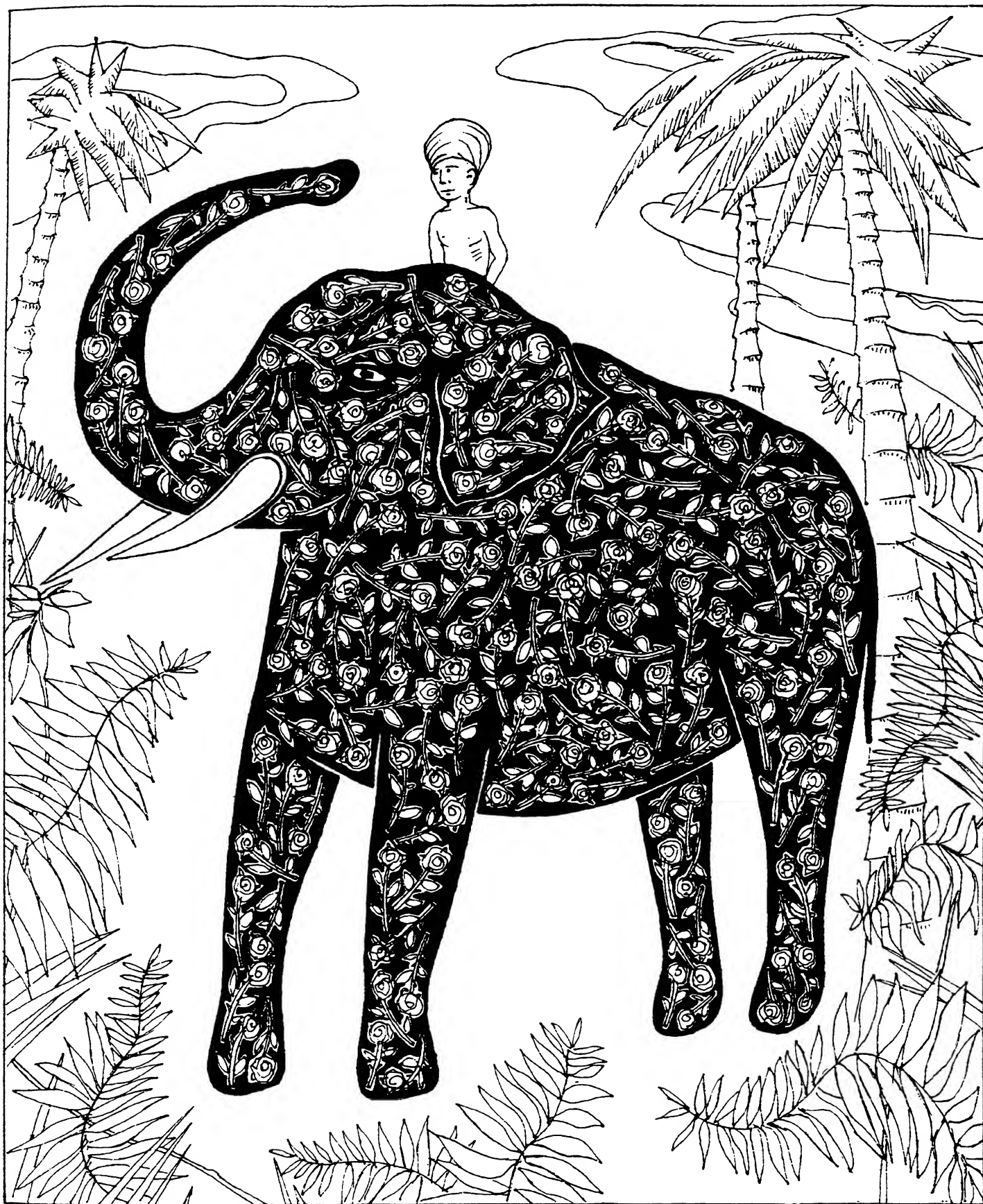
The Pink Pussycat by former stripper Lee Meredith (Gold Star Publications, 1972) is a rather good little potboiler. *Life at the Cross* by Kenneth Slessor and Robert Walker (Rigby, 1965). *Sex, Thugs and Rock'n'Roll* by Billy Thorpe (Macmillan, 1996).

CRAIG SHERGOLD'S CARD NIGHTMARE

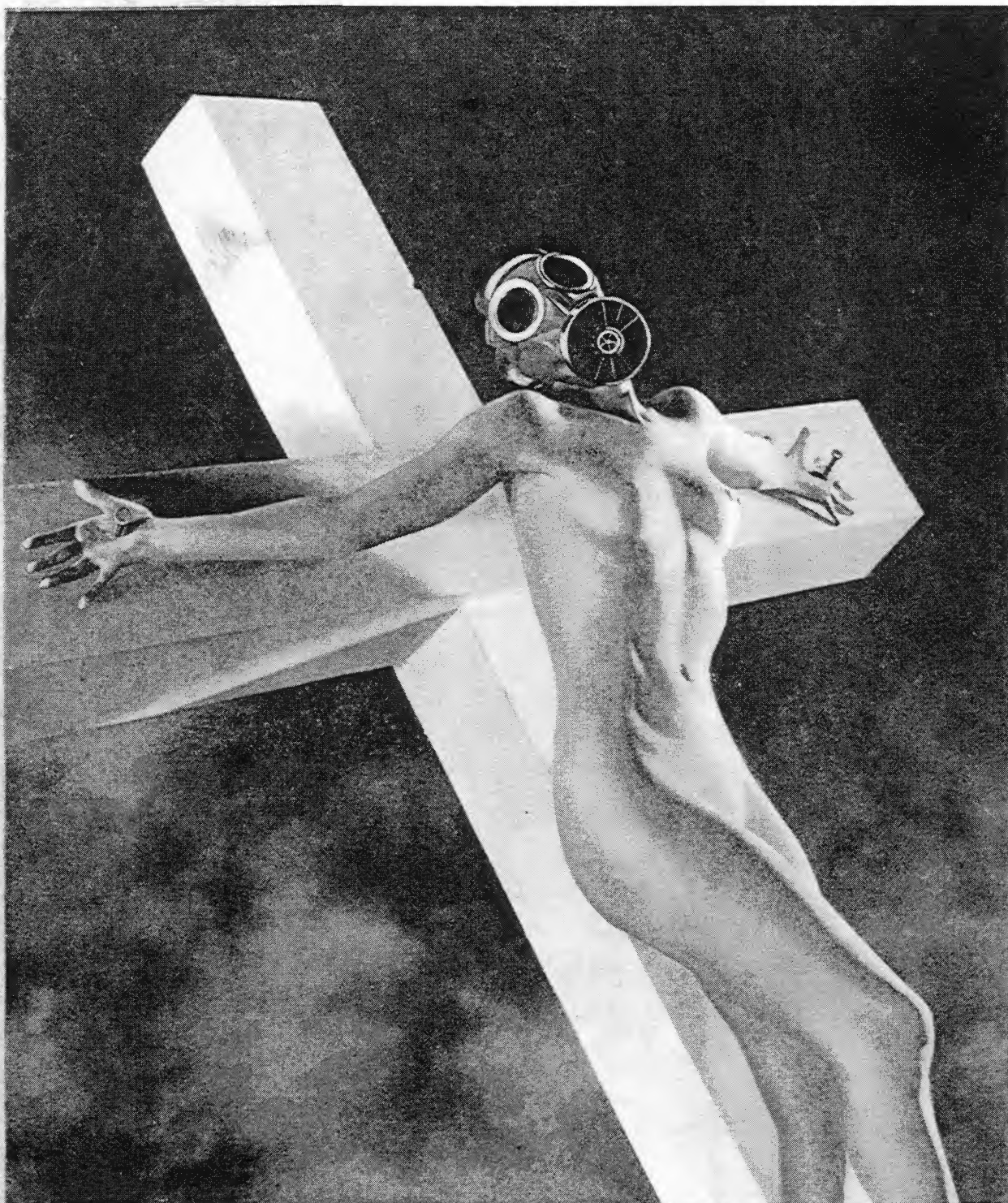
'60m cards: now Craig wants to break the chain', *Sydney Morning Herald*, 12/9/92.

KELVER HARTLEY

I first read about Hartley in the article 'The millionaire professor who lived in a \$25 room' by Richard Glover, *Sydney Morning Herald*, 23/10/89. This has been reprinted in *Kelver Hartley, a Memoir* (The Hartley Bequest Program, 1995). *The Haunting of Dr McQuaig* by Kelter Hartley (Boombana Publications, 1997).



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AUSTRALIA



"Tomorrow's Crucifixion"

North London Men Of God Give Their Interpretation Of A Picture Which Will Live For Ever

"LOVELY BODY OF THIS GIRL SYMBOLISES YOUTH, WHICH IS FIRST CALLED UPON TO SUFFER IN WAR."

From the Rev. Ralph H. Turner, Minister of Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church:

"THIS is a symbolic picture and we must therefore ask whether its symbolism is true and helpful. Ever since Jesus endured the Cross, Crucifixion has had a new meaning—now it is possible to see a human

LAST night the "North London Recorder" received this telegram from the Rev. J. T. Hodgson, famous Minister of Wood Green Trinity Methodist Church, who is on holiday in North Wales:

"TO-MORROW'S CRUCIFIXION" VIVIDLY SYMBOLISES GHASTLY POSSIBILITIES OF FUTURE WARFARE. PUBLICATION SHOULD ROUSE EVERY CITIZEN TO WORK FOR JUSTICE AND BROTHERHOOD WHICH ARE ONLY FOUNDATIONS OF REAL PEACE.—HODGSON.

were ready to endure the pain and bolism of the Cross of Christ.

"THIS PICTURE'S MESSAGE IS PLAIN TO SEE."

The Rev. G. D. Osborn, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Clapton, fought in the Great War as a gunner—before he entered the Church.

He said of "Tomorrow's Crucifixion": "I can understand that this picture will offend many people. The use of a crucifix on which to represent the death of a mortal will strike them as sacrilege. But they are so apt to remember Christ only by his death on the cross.

"This picture's message is plain to see. There is a cross, the symbol of a great personal sacrifice for the

THE "NORTH LONDON RECORDER" PUBLISHES THIS "TO-MORROW'S CRUCIFIXION," BECAUSE IT BELIEVES THAT MAN AND WOMAN SHOULD SEE

It was taken by a famous 32-year-old photographer of 10 years in Paris, on the night of the North London midnight.

The girl who posed for the picture is a model. She chose the picture because she wanted to show the horror of war, and she lost her uncle and her sister during the war.

Rejected

Roye submitted the picture for the London Photography. Three of his pictures were accepted, this one was rejected.

Two national and an American considered the picture, then they published it.

Roye took this picture because he wanted to show the artistic ability of every man and woman a message of the war.

The "North London Recorder," in the month of the outbreak of the Great War, in three wars are in the world, should let Roye tell their message.

"My Sincere

In his Sloane slightly built, Roye told the "I took this picture I wanted to be everyone the li

"My own sin that it is the that I have ev

"Critics and of national magazines, had their high admiration. No one to who has been submitting anything but

"I have been should be posted of every lov